

THE ARENA.

EDITED BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

VOL. XIX

PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DETROIT, MICH.
OCT 3 1898

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1898

PUBLISHED BY
THE ARENA COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.
1898

COPYRIGHTED, 1898,
BY
THE ARENA COMPANY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Freedom and Its Opportunities: Part II...Hon. JOHN R. ROGERS	1
Our Interstate Protective Tariffs.....JAMES J. WAIT	18
Our Friends the EnemyJOHN D. SPENCE	26
Municipal ProprietorshipAUGUSTUS L. MASON	43
James G. Clark, the American Laureate of Labor...B. O. FLOWER	54
Questionings from the PewsBENJAMIN F. BURNHAM	68
Is American Domesticity Decreasing, and if so, Why?	
HELEN CAMPBELL	86
Plutocracy and WarJOHN CLARK RIDPATH	97
Tributes to Henry George:	
The SeerMARION MILLS MILLER	104
Our Fallen ProphetWILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG	105
To Henry GeorgeW. H. VENABLE, LL. D.	106
What Can We Say of Thee?J. A. EDGERTON	107
The Smelting of the Hon. Jerry Webb: An Apologue,	
CHARWIN LESBALD	108
Mistletoe.....Rev. ROBERT BLIGHT	120
The Higher Civilization versus Vivisection.....ROSA G. ABBOTT	127
Plaza of the Poets:	
The Pageant of the Year: JanuaryWINWOOD WAITT	131
The Wide-Swung GatesSAM WALTER FOSS	132
Little Bo-Peep.....EDWIN S. HOPKINS	134
The Editor's Evening: The Saints of Trinity; The Age of Gold;	
Orion (a Sonnet)135	
The Politico-Financial Controversy:	
I. Our Party Leaders and the Finances,	
Hon. GEORGE W. JULIAN	145
II. The Finances and Our Party Leaders,	
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH	157
The Revision of the ConstitutionHon. WALTER CLARK	187
True Reasons for the Apparent Failure of the Bimetallic Conference,	
JAMES R. CHALLEN	199
The Mission of Machinery.....HENRY M. WILLIAMS	207
The Corporations against the PeopleB. O. FLOWER	218
Secret Societies and the StateJ. M. FOSTER	229
An Important Phase of Gutter Journalism: Faking,	
J. B. MONTGOMERY-M'GOVERN	240
Notes on the Theological Development of a Child,	
FANNY D. BERGEN	254
Camille Flammarion as an Observer of Occult Phenomena,	
WILLIAM R. FISHER, M. D.	267
A Government Rat: A StoryZOE ANDERSON NORRIS	273
Plaza of the Poets:	
Union Square.....WALTER MALONE	278
The NeedCHRISTIAN K. BINKLEY	279
If I Could KnowLULAH RAGSDALE	280

THE ARENA.

	PAGE
The Editor's Evening: Delusions about Liberty; "Priscilla" (a Sonnet)	281
Trusts: Their Causes and the RemedyHon. MARION BUTLER	289
The Victory of the Vanquished.....Hon. CHARLES A. TOWNE	300
Studies on the Money Question:	
I. Currency Reform	ANTHONY W. DIMOCK 313
II. Notes on the Reform of the Currency,	
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH	323
A Single Standard for the World	FRANCIS E. WOODRUFF 330
Commissioner Harris's "Statistics and Socialism,"	GEORGE WILSON 351
The Epic Opportunity.....	WILLIAM BAYARD HALE, LL. D. 362
Pingree Potato Culture and its Effects on Business,	
CHARLES A. ROBINSON	368
Law, Lawlessness, and Labor	H. W. B. MACKAY 378
The Exiled Christ in Christian Russia	B. O. FLOWER 388
Girls' Coöperative Boarding Homes	ROBERT STEIN 397
Under the Winding Sheet: A Recital of Facts,	GRACE ADA BROWN 418
The Editor's Evening: The Ascendency of Kipling; Ecce Homo (a Sonnet)	424
Foreign Influence in American Politics,	
Hon. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN	433
The Way Upward	Hon. GEO. FRED. WILLIAMS 439
Abraham Lincoln: A Study from Life.....	HENRY C. WHITNEY 464
The Relation of Art to Morality.....	MARIE C. REMICK 483
America a Power	STINSON JARVIS 496
Brookline: A Model Town under the Referendum..	B. O. FLOWER 505
The Ethics of Applied Medicine:	
I. The Medical Trust	T. A. BLAND, M. D. 520
II. Legal Restriction of Medical Practice,	
WILLIAM R. FISHER, M. D.	527
The Employment of Convict Labor in Massachusetts,	
Dr. JOHN THOMAS CODMAN	535
Three Epochs of Democracy and Three Men,	
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH	543
A Message from Beyond: A Psychic Story	GENEVIEVE CLARK 564
Explanation and Amende to Mr. Niels Grön	575
Editor's Evening: The Beauty of a Bond.....	576
The Great Slave Power	Hon. WILLIAM M. STEWART 577
Immortality: Its Place in the Thought of To-day,	
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON	583
An Open Letter to the Monetary Commission,	
Hon. GEORGE A. GROOT	602
A Graveyard with a History	B. O. FLOWER 618
Unknown Natural Forces	CAMILLE FLAMMARION 632
Multiple-Standard Money.....	Hon. HENRY WINN 639
Frances E. Willard.....	MARY LOWE DICKINSON 658
The Novel-Reading Habit	GEORGE CLARK, Ph. D. 670
Humorous Characteristics of the Scot....	Rev. ANDREW W. CROSS 680
The Story of an "Ad"	HENRY MATTHEWS WILLIAMS 684
President McKinley and the Waldorf-Astoria Revel,	
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH	686

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Confessions of a Scientist: A Story, CHARLES MELVILLE SHEPHERD	708
Who Is the Infidel? A PoemSAM WALTER FOSS	717
The Editor's Evening: The Policeman in Civilization; India-Rub- ber and Iniquity; Flight and Failing (a Sonnet)	719
Usurpations of the Federal Judiciary in the Interest of the Money PowerHon. DANIEL L. RUSSELL	721
Direct Nomination of Candidates by the People, JOHN S. HOPKINS	729
The Decadence of Patriotism, and What It Means, HENRY E. FOSTER	740
The Elements of Organic Evolution....Dr. DAVID STARR JORDAN	752
Professor Briggs and the BibleOWEN B. JENKINS	770
Restrictive Medical Legislation and the Public Weal, B. O. FLOWER	781
The Relation of Color to the Emotions ...HAROLD WILSON, M. D.	810
The Invisible EmpireJOHN CLARK RIDPATH	828
"The Knotty Problem"EDWIN G. BROWN	841
The Open Vision in Art.....Hon. DANIEL PRATT BALDWIN	843
Our War Veteran: A StoryZOE ANDERSON NORRIS	850
Plaza of the Poets:	
The Dial of ArdenWINWOOD WAITT	854
The Hidden WordANNIE L. MUZZEY	855
The Campagna.....MINNETTA T. TAYLOR	856
ExitGEORGE MARTIN	857
The Editor's Evening: "An Outworn Tale;" The American Demi- urge; Are Spirits Wiser than We?	858

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Fiction of the Skies.....THE EDITOR	141
A Note Not Heard Before.....THE EDITOR	286
A Cartoonist of DemocracyTHE EDITOR	429

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	OPPOSITE PAGE
HENRY GEORGE	1
HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN	145
SENATOR MARION BUTLER	289
HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN	433
SENATOR WILLIAM M. STEWART	577
GOVERNOR DANIEL L. RUSSELL	721

We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators we must fight for them.—Heine.

25 CENTS

The ARENA

EDITED BY
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

JANUARY, 1898

PORTRAIT OF HENRY GEORGE	Frontispiece
FREEDOM AND ITS OPPORTUNITIES: Part II, Hon. John R. Rogers	1
	Governor of Washington.
OUR INTERSTATE PROTECTIVE TARIFFS	James J. Wait 18
OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY	John D. Spence 26
MUNICIPAL PROPRIETORSHIP	Augustus L. Mason 43
	Ex-President Citizens' Street Railroad Company, Indianapolis.
JAMES G. CLARK, THE AMERICAN LAUREATE OF LABOR	B. O. Flower 54
QUESTIONINGS FROM THE PEWS	Benjamin F. Burnham 66
IS AMERICAN DOMESTICITY DECREASING, AND IF SO, WHY?	Helen Campbell 86
PLUTOCRACY AND WAR	John Clark Ridpath 97
TRIBUTES TO HENRY GEORGE	By American Bards 104
THE SMELTING OF THE HON. JERRY WEBB: An Apologue	Charwin Lesbald 108
MISTLETOE	Rev. Robert Blight 120
THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION VERSUS VIVI- SECTION	Rosa G. Abbott 127
PLAZA OF THE POETS: "The Pageant of the Year: January," by Winwood Waitt; "The Wide-Swung Gates," by Sam Walter Foss; "Little Bo-Peep," by Edward S. Hopkins	131
THE EDITOR'S EVENING: The Saints of Trinity; The Age of Gold; Orion (a Sonnet)	135
BOOK REVIEW: A Fiction of the Skies	The Editor 141

THE ARENA COMPANY, Copley Square, BOSTON

BRENTANO'S, 17 Rue de l'Opera, and LIBRAIRIE GALIGNANI, 224 Rue de Rivoli, PARIS

FRANCIS GRIFFITHS, 4 Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, LONDON

Published Monthly

Copyright, 1897. All rights reserved

Per Annum, \$2.50



USE SAPOLIO!

To Polish Knives,
To Renew Oil Cloth,
To Brighten Metals,

To Scour Kettles,
To Scrub Floors,
To Renovate Paint,

To Scour Bath Tubs,
To Whiten Marble,
To Clean Dishes.

The Bemis Eye Sanitarium



OFFICE NO. 1 AND MARION HOUSE.

The home of the
**Original
Absorption
Treatment.**

Established 1880. The
largest and most successful
institution in America.



THE BEMIS PLACE.

Blindness Can Be Prevented.

The Absorption Treatment a Success.

It is Endorsed by Representative People.

Dr. B. N. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans says:—

For example, if there is atrophy of the nerve, or any other of the several afflictions to which the eye is troubled, it is due to the fact that the eye has become sluggish and dormant. The theory is to wake up the sluggish eye and make every part perform the functions which nature assigns to that part. The treatment is to act directly upon the eye as an organ by various harmless agents applied to stimulate and vitalize the eye; then the circulation may be restored, the blood will be thrown back on all the parts where it is needed to nourish, so there need be no disease of the eyes which cannot be reached by this treatment, thus avoiding the knife and all risk.

"I consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed my case as atrophy. After one year's treatment they pronounced my case hopeless. In July 1896, I consulted H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, one eye being nearly sightless and the other only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. I had nothing to lose and a great deal to gain. After treatment the strong magnifying glass was discarded and glasses used years ago enabled me to read."

An average of over 6,000 treatments given monthly at the *Bemis Sanitarium*, and hundreds successfully treated at their homes by mail. Pamphlet free, describing treatment.

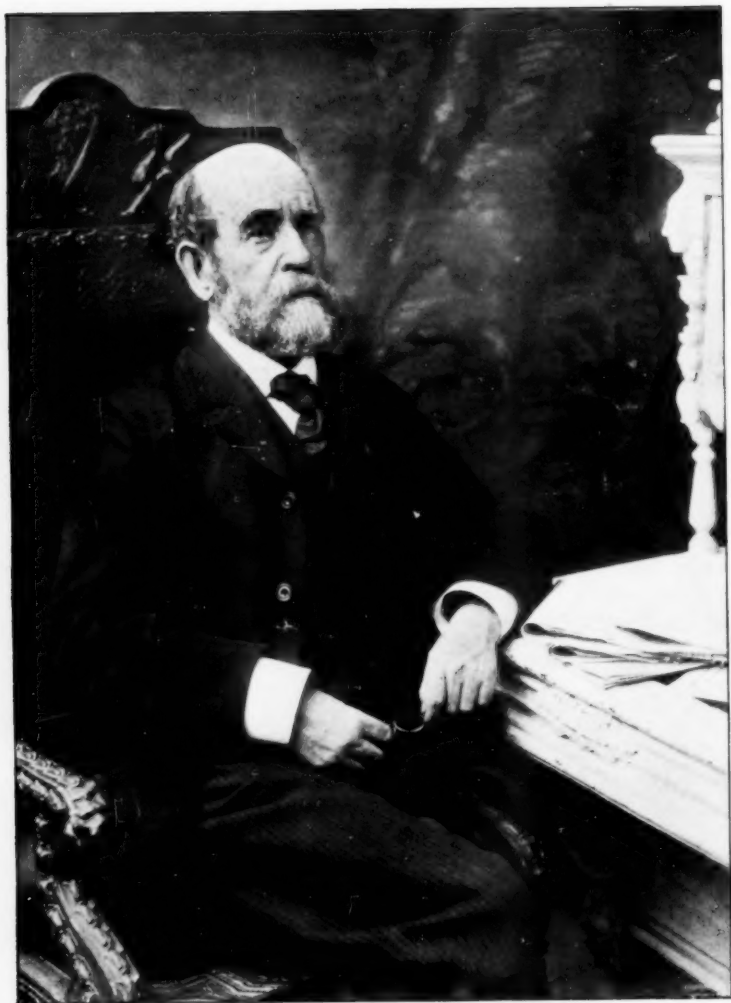
THE BEMIS EYE SANITARIUM, Glens Falls, N. Y.

We Have No Branch Offices.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston, and admitted for transmission through the mails, as second class matter.

ne ex
ke in
The
e an
part
y this
ase a
sulted
d of
strong
dred

Y.



HENRY GEORGE.

"THERE IS A HISTORY IN ALL MEN'S LIVES
FIGURING THE NATURE OF THE TIMES DECEASED,
THE WHICH OBSERVED, A MAN MAY PROPHECY."

—2 Henry IV., Act III, sc. I.

See Poetical Tributes, pp. 104-7.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 98.

FREEDOM AND ITS OPPORTUNITIES.

PART II.

BY GOVERNOR JOHN R. ROGERS, OF WASHINGTON.

"But since we live in an epoch of change, and, too probably, of revolution, and thoughts which are not to be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged to affirm the one principle which can, and in the end will, close all epochs of revolution—that each man shall possess the ground he can use, and no more."—*John Ruskin.*

OF LATE much dissatisfaction with our form of government has been expressed by good and well-meaning people, who like Mr. Edward Bellamy sigh for the coming of what they are disposed to call "The Coöperative Commonwealth," in which, by means of a multiplicity of laws, rules, and regulations and a very small amount of physical exertion upon his part, the individual citizen is in future to live a life of ease and pleasure. Though paved with the best intentions the road here pointed out leads to a lower depth over which man's past history has written "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

The remedy for oppression is found only in men who cannot be oppressed. This is nature's goal: the evolution of better and stronger men, not the mere getting of bread and butter for a world full of weaklings. He who is not ready and willing at all times to fight for his rights will shortly have no rights worth fighting for. Men who are unwilling to assert their rights will inevitably be subordinated under any form of government. The constant and never-ending struggle of life may not be pleasant to contemplate. But it is a fact. And it is an inevitable fact, which cannot be escaped save by the sur-

render of both rights and duties. Mere pleasurable anticipations cannot form the basis of useful life. Life is a warfare, and the straight and narrow path is very unlike the primrose path of dalliance pictured by our modern theorists.

In all ages broad-minded and far-seeing men have not hesitated to declare that the right of access to land in some free and independent way is absolutely necessary to the creation of strong and stable nations and men, and that in no other way can freedom and the rights of men be preserved. Thousands of years ago this was as well known and understood as it is to-day. The myths and mythology of the most ancient peoples conclusively prove it. In the mythology of Greece and Rome this truth was expressed in the fabled story of Antæus, a giant, or renowned athlete, who was said to be the son of Neptune and Terra (sea and earth, or land and water). He inhabited the Lybian desert (where land was free) and successfully wrestled against all comers, for whenever thrown to the ground he received fresh accession of strength from mother earth, rising stronger than ever from his contact with the soil. Hercules, however, the crafty god of strength, detecting the source of his strength, held him up in his arms and strangled him in the air. So ran the tale.

Doubtless the common people among the Greeks and Romans, to whom the priests told this story of the gods, believed it true and thought Antæus a real personage, but the better educated among them probably knew perfectly well that this story contained one of the greatest truths—probably the most important to man's temporal welfare—which it is possible to state. Antæus symbolized the human race, which deprived of its hold upon the soil is quickly weakened and destroyed. The city must be constantly recruited from the country. By contact with nature only does man become strong and resourceful. The first thing for the youth to learn is above all things self-reliance. This he must have, to be a man, whatever else he may lack. For it there is no possible substitute. Without it he must have a master. He is not fit for freedom, and to dependence and slavery will he naturally and certainly descend. Now, as anciently and ever, man's health, strength, and virility come from contact with the soil.

Life is a struggle, a school, a test of fitness. No struggle, no school; no school, no fitness; no fitness, no future.

I find the following in a newspaper. It is as true a statement as was ever made, come from what source it may.

David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, says, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that "the essence of tyranny lies not in the strength of the strong, but in the weakness of the weak." The remedy for oppression is in men who cannot be oppressed. "This was the remedy our fathers sought; we shall find no other." "The problem in life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger." "It will be a sad day for the Republic when life is easy for ignorance, weakness, and apathy." "It is by individual will that the thousands in this country who complain of oppression will become free."

Man's life upon this earth is governed by certain unchangeable laws, fixed in the decrees of nature: men make no new ones; they only discover them. Having discovered them, if the course of their lives and their statutory enactments are in consonance therewith, happiness is the result, otherwise humanity pays the fixed and certain penalty. Statute law is like its makers, very imperfect.

Before the law was written down with parchment or with pen;
Before the law made citizens, the moral law made men.
Law stands for human rights, but when it fails those rights to give,
Then let law die, my brother, but let human beings live.

All wealth—which is the only remedy for poverty—is created by the application of human exertion to land or to its natural products. If men are denied access to land they are then unable to create wealth for themselves. If they work for others the profits of their labor are taken from them. This, in short, is the sole origin of great wealth on the one side and poverty on the other. No man accumulates large wealth unless he is enabled in some crafty way to obtain the fruits of other men's labor. If access to land is open to all, men cannot be forced to work for insufficient pay; they are then free to work for themselves. If men possess their little self-supporting homesteads, free from debt and taxation, they are then free, strong, brave, and inclined to make much of their independence when in the presence of those who may try to impose upon them. Let us, then, endeavor to restore to men those natural opportunities which will enable them to protect them-

selves. This can be done by a change in our laws. And it will be done whenever our citizens determinedly and persistently demand of their lawmakers a restoration of those natural and inalienable rights guaranteed by our Constitution as the self-evident gift of the Creator to all.

I hold that our form of government, in its first intent—and in its basic form to-day—is the best imaginable, and that whatever of ill has become, by lack of that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty, a part of its administration will yet be remedied by the courageous and resolute assertion of man's natural rights under the law. And I hold, too, presumptuously perhaps, that even among educated men there is great prevailing lack of perception of the real facts in the case. And facts form the conditions with which we have to do, not mere theories of what we may fancy ought to be and is not.

Suppose you summon one of these decriers of our institutions. He shall be a man of education, refinement, and large ability, sincerely desirous of the welfare of his kind. You say to him: "In the American theory of government the individual citizen is the unit, the origin and source of political power. Individuals met and delegated certain powers to an agency denominated government, only what was absolutely necessary being so delegated. Our fathers were particularly jealous of their individual rights; all not delegated being reserved."

After a moment's reflection he will reply: "Yes, I presume you are right."

"Why, certainly," you say; "no one can deny that. The Constitution of the United States, the basic law of the land with which all laws must agree, makes this very clear. It begins thus:

"'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.'

"The ninth and tenth amendments are as follows:

"'Article IX. The enumeration in the constitution of cer-

tain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.'

"Article X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.'

"The several State constitutions all contain substantially the same statements. As samples the following will suffice:

"Preamble to constitution of Massachusetts:

"The end of the institution, maintenance, and administration of government is to secure the existence of the body politic, to protect it, and to furnish the individuals who compose it with the power of enjoying in safety and tranquillity their natural rights and the blessings of life; and whenever these great objects are not obtained, the people have a right to alter the government and to take measures necessary for their safety, prosperity, and happiness.'

"Article I, Constitution of Pennsylvania:

"Section 1. All men are born equally free and independent, and have certain inherent and indefeasible rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property and reputation, and of pursuing their own happiness.'

"Article I, Constitution of Washington:

"Sec. 1. All political power is inherent in the people, and governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and are established to protect and maintain individual rights."

Now you say to him: "It is clear that under the system of government in force in these United States each individual has retained certain rights which are both natural and inalienable; that is, these rights are the gifts of nature which have been reserved by the individual, over which neither government nor our fellow citizens have control; they are inalienable and indefeasible, and cannot be rightfully alienated or taken away either by the permissive act of the individual citizen himself, by other citizens, or by government. Government has no control over these natural rights, because in the construction of our form of government these things have been expressly reserved. The only exception is this: It is clear that in the

exercise of natural right one must not invade the equal right of others. Our right comes to an end where that of others begins."

After a moment's reflection your intelligent citizen aforesaid will rather doubtfully admit that probably you are right—in theory at least. But if you ask him to state fully what these natural rights are, thus expressly reserved to the individual, he will at once refuse to commit himself.

Suppose you interrogate him further. You say: "One's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the presence of natural conditions and in the absence of statute law, as upon a hitherto undiscovered island for instance, would enable him to maintain an existence, would it not?" He is obliged to admit that it would.

You then ask him if it is not true that the frightful poverty and misery of the poor in our so-called civilization arise because of the fact that they are unable to maintain an existence without becoming subject to their richer fellow citizens by the payment of ruinous tribute in the shape of rent, profit, and interest collected in a thousand forms, both open and concealed. That is, natural rights are denied unless one is able and willing to pay for them. And again he is compelled to admit the truth of your contention.

Quote again the language of our constitutions; remind him that even Blackstone declares that no human law is of avail if contravened by divine or natural law, and ask him what need there is for talk of better or juster forms of government when citizens have not wit enough, strength enough, or courage enough to assert plain constitutional rights under our present form of government, and his reply may readily be inferred, for it is everlastingly true that freedom is only maintained by "those who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain."

Our form of government is all right, but our people are not. The fault is with them. Possibly, when they have been sufficiently oppressed they will assert themselves. It is to be hoped they will, for, otherwise, freedom is become impossible. Liberty is for men, and strong men only have ever tasted its sweets.

When thrown upon his own resources and in the presence

of natural conditions man is able to maintain an existence. He can escape from the monopolist and the slave-driver, but progress is slow and improvement becomes difficult if not impossible. Something more than a mere animal existence is necessary, for man lives not by bread alone.

If we view that primary state of society in which each man builds his own habitation, makes his own weapons, and hunts his own food, we are at once aware that improvement and advance are almost impossible. Advance begins with the division of labor. When once this has been established exchange of services and products takes on a new and almost absolute importance. Indeed, exchange must take place or the forward march of the race is stayed.

And in this connection it is curious to note that all the great inventions which like gifts from heaven have carried the race onward, have been so many direct aids to the exchange among men of ideas, services, and products; for in this way, and in this way alone, has advance been secured. The mariner's compass enlarged man's ability to effect exchanges, established commerce, and carried over the earth to all the knowledge previously confined to the few. The invention of gunpowder destroyed feudalism, broke down the walls of separation between petty principalities, and made it possible for the first time for men of one country freely to traverse another. The art of printing, following hard after, gradually dispersed among men the thoughts, the discoveries, and the aspirations of the ablest, the wisest, and the best. In later times the wonders of steam and electricity have all tended in the same direction, to facilitate the exchange of thought and the products of industry. Mirabeau thought letters and money to be the greatest inventions of man, and these are plainly seen as the very corner stones of exchange and of modern life. For the present has well been called the commercial age. The very life of the modern is fashioned by the laws of trade and the necessities of exchange. Whatever tends to increase and broaden its scope is of advantage, not only to those directly engaged, but, finally, to all. Whatever tends to check, to destroy, or to hinder prevents to a greater or less extent that

final conquest of nature by man which is the ultimate goal of all the physical activities of life.

A few hundred years ago the mediæval barons held almost absolute sway over the lives and fortunes of our fathers, their subjects. Exchange which paid them no tribute could not exist. Descending with their armed retainers from their castles among the crags, they lived and throve by unblushing robbery and the right of the strong to seize and to hold. Trade, as we know it, had no existence, and semi-barbarism ruled. And yet the barons of old lived, as do their modern exemplars, simply by denying to the common man two plain natural rights: the right to the soil, and the right freely to exchange the products of labor. And since the world began, all tyranny has been enforced by these simple means, and by no other. Times change, and methods with them, but at bottom the scheme of the tyrant is always the same. The plan is simple in the extreme. And since man has had an existence upon this earth tyranny in a large way has only been possible when men have first been deprived of these natural rights. And men are always deceived, or deceive themselves. For not only have the few in all ages been able thus to deprive the many of their natural, inalienable, and indefeasible rights and thus reduce them to poverty and serfdom, but they have also been able to make the vast majority think it right that it should be so. And in this dastardly work of deprival religious teachers in every age have not been wanting who have proved themselves the minions of power. Indeed, without the support of teachers of religion tyranny cannot exist.

That this is the one only method ever employed should be clear to every reflective mind. For if men are in undisputed possession of the soil and secure in the right freely to exchange the products of the labor of both hand and brain, they are then able to maintain not only an independent existence, but also to go forward in the race of life. All things become possible to them, for when these rights are once fully attained and fully conceded, mankind for the first time is freed from the unjust power of concentrated wealth, and tyranny becomes impossible.

He only is free who is in full possession of his natural, or

God-given rights. Nor can this be successfully denied; for if anything is refused him which is his by right divine, evidently the man is restrained and, hence, not free. Still many will hold that some portion of man's natural right is very properly withheld. But by what authority? Government with us is constituted only for certain specified ends. Authority is limited to given instances and cases; all else is refused by the very instruments which constitute that authority. The constitutions of the several States and of the United States clearly declare the purpose of government to be to protect and maintain the individual rights of the citizen. No man has ceded any portion of his individual and natural rights. No man can do it. They are inalienable. Therefore, they are in his possession—if he have the courage to assert and maintain them.

Comprehensively and at bottom these rights are two: Free Soil and Free Exchange, or exchange at cost for the products of labor. That is all, but it is much, for perfect freedom in the exercise of these rights, limited only by the equal freedom of other men, and full security in the results flowing therefrom, comprise all the natural rights of man upon the earth. These are, it will be seen upon reflection, exceedingly comprehensive. All other rights are artificial and conventional.

The right to life includes something more than mere non-interference with the act of breathing. In real truth it is a right to a living; that is, *an opportunity to obtain a living without hindrance or tribute imposed by one's fellows.*

Surely no honest man can or will claim that permanent industrial peace is possible or even desirable until all are able to possess those natural favors designed by the Creator for all his children. For, if this world is governed at all, the governing intelligence, call it what you will and place it where you may, had knowledge of man and of his needs when it placed him on this earth and in possession of those rights coming from the nature and condition of things, and hence termed "natural." The fiction of English law by which men are said upon entering society to give up natural right has done infinite harm, for it is an acknowledged fiction, unsupported

by our constitutions; contrary, indeed, to them and to the genius of our institutions.

That the right to untrammelled exchange is a natural right ought to be clear to all who will reflect that in a state of nature, or under a proper administration of law, no just demand anywhere exists for its limitation. The claim set up that tribute upon exchange is necessary to the support of government is seen upon examination to be false, urged only by those who in a covert way are thus enabled themselves to levy a tax upon the manual laborer. For all luxury, all privilege, all tyranny are now, and have ever been, possible only because of ability first obtained to deprive the manual laborer of those rights, powers, and privileges admittedly and self-evidently the gift of the Creator to all His children. Much talk is made by pseudo-economists of the "wages of superintendence," and we hear much of the vast value to the world of the directive skill of the despoilers of labor. But all these live by imposing their luxurious support upon those whom they have first deprived.

If we suppose for a moment that all manual laborers were transported to another country, it will then be clear to the dullest comprehension that labor of the hands is the one essential to life which cannot be dispensed with. For the wealthy who are left must then consume the wealth previously obtained from the laborer, and when this has been expended or has wasted away, which must very soon occur, they can then begin themselves to labor with their hands, or die. The great wealth coming from their brains will not long support life.

Men talk of keeping the commandments! The first one is: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And no man ever yet evaded this primal natural law without throwing the burden of his support upon some other man who was thereby obliged to labor more as a result. Naturally this other rebelled, and the necessity for compulsion arose. Compulsion has been easily brought about by first depriving the laborer of natural right. Necessity then compels him to submit to the exactions of the despoiler. This is the method always employed. No other is necessary. And the despoilers have made men think it right that it should be so. Here

is the origin of social injustice and of economic inequality. Here, and nowhere else!

If in possession of the two great rights, which when fully stated comprise all, the laborer cannot be forced. He is then free. He can not only maintain an independent existence, but the means of improvement and advance are his. By combination with his fellows all the facilities of modern life would shortly be obtained, and the former magnate would be forced to offer better terms. But the former serf would be in no haste to comply. Wages would rise. The laborer would then be able to set his own wage. "The labor question" would be at an end. The dignity and importance of manual labor would then be recognized by all. For the first time in all the history of the world the laborer would be free. All would not be obliged to labor upon land, but all laborers will gain liberty only by opening the escape valve which allows the unemployed and the unsatisfactorily employed to avail themselves of the natural right to land and exchange.

That mastery is always obtained by the few over the many by the machinery of deprivation may be readily seen if we suppose all men everywhere to be in full and undisputed possession of large wealth. Suppose all, without exception, to possess an equal amount of the good things of life,—houses and lands and all the attributes and belongings of a vast estate. Each and every man is then forced to labor with his hands. He can employ no one who is not equally desirous of employing him. Now gold has lost its value, for value is but an estimation of the human mind, and its power over men is gone, simply for the plain reason that gold depends for its value upon the absence of it in the pocket of him it is intended to influence. Under these circumstances each man must plough his own field and dig his own garden. All are forced to observe the primal law of labor in this instance simply because no man is deprived. Hence it follows that the shrewd and the designing have always seen clearly the necessity of first depriving men that they may afterward degrade them to their service. For otherwise it becomes impossible.

That men must first be deprived before the tyranny of wealth can exert its power is made still clearer if we suppose,

still further, some great convulsion of nature by means of which numbers of these same wealthy landed proprietors lose their possessions and are reduced to poverty; they are then forced to apply for employment to those who have not so lost their wealth. Immediately, wealth in the hands of the few, which when possessed by all had lost its force, regains its power. It has now power over labor. Before it had not. And its power in this instance, as in all others, depends upon the necessities and the poverty of the many. Without this poverty, without these necessities, it would lose its power to oppress. Hence the prevailing desire on the part of mammonism, capitalism, the money power, or whatever name be used to express the prevailing power of wealth, to deprive others of the good things of life.

Many, no doubt, who have followed thus far will refuse to assent to this rather plain statement of the case. They will say that it is not the desire or intent of the accumulators of money to decrease the opportunities enjoyed by the common herd. But that this is the result, and the absolutely necessary and certain result, of all their actions admits of no dispute.

Through the modern plan of combination among masters and competition among laborers, the capitalist proposes by practical deprivation, in the manner heretofore described, to prevent the laborer from obtaining just and proper control over his own labor. Having done this he reduces the wages of labor, which by means of the presence of the unemployed he is enabled to do, thus preventing the reasonable and proper aspirations of the laborer, for himself and his children, from ever being realized. But if the unemployed were made independent by the possession of natural right he could not do this. The laborer would then be able to set his own wage. He would then be really free—free to accept or reject the offers of the capitalists. Now he is not. "Freedom of contract" is a delusion.

The question at issue between the capitalist and the laborer is not only a political one, but it is in a most eminent degree a moral and a religious one. It is the question of the ages—this devilish power of greed against the rising claims of humanity; an irrepressible conflict, upon which wait the hopes

and aspirations of men; for until it is settled, and settled as it should be, moral development in the world is at an end. But the capitalist will claim to the end that he has "a right" to some portion of the laborer's product, for if he could not possess himself of it he himself would be obliged to labor, and to this he is opposed.

But for the laborer, under the present *régime*, no hope appears—while he remains a laborer for hire. The capitalist, and the apologists for capitalism, tell him that. They say: "Work, save, collect interest from some other laborer. Get some form of legal advantage over men poorer and more dependent than yourself; do as we have done; do anything to get out of the position of a laborer; then you may hope, but not otherwise."

The laborer is thus forced to occupy a dependent position. But the laborer is dependent on other men only because other men, with his consent, have deprived him of natural right. Dependence is always a second step in the degradation of humanity. It is an effect. The cause is a fraudulent deprivation. The few deny to the many the clear and self-evident gifts of the Creator to all mankind.

And this is the hard case of the laborer, of the maker of values, of the creator of wealth—forced into subjection by being first deprived of his just, his natural, and his constitutional rights! Men tell us that the present unjust economic conditions are the result of competition. But this is manifestly untrue. How can he compete who is bound hand and foot by the law? How can he defend himself who is first deprived of his natural and God-given means of defence? Stripped stark naked, manacled by the law, he is thrown into the arena, and in this defenceless condition is asked to compete with the armed and mounted millionaire provided with all the enginery of conquest! And this is the competition of the market. This is the "free competition" of the cowardly, purse-proud crew that prate of "freedom of contract" and of the absolute nature of "the law of supply and demand"! Who is it that does not know that they have long ago cornered supply and limited demand by first binding the laborer fast? Take off those un-American chains, those unconstitutional

chains; free the producer of values by placing in his hands those natural means of defence given him by the Creator. Free the laborer! Then, face to face and man to man, ye pampered absorbers of value, the laborer will meet you. He only asks, and only needs, a fair field and no favoritism. Give him this, and your present power over him is gone. Then competition will be just and right, whenever it is free and fair. Then we shall have free competition, for you, my fine sirs, will be obliged to compete with one another for the services of him you would employ. Then the laborer can refuse to work unless you bid enough to satisfy his demand. Free competition is what the laborer needs; it is what the world needs; but it must be free, and exist between free men. And he only asks what is self-evidently his by the law of nature and by the constitutions of the land. "Governments are established to protect and maintain individual rights." Why don't they do it? Simply because the grasping and greedy members of society have made the laws depriving men of natural and indefeasible rights, and the laborers and producers of value have allowed them to do it. Being themselves controlled by the party whip, and because of the fear they have of its lash, they have proved themselves too cowardly to assert their rights under the law by changing it in a just and constitutional manner!

Restore these natural and inalienable rights, and all will be well, and our economic affairs will regulate themselves. This is the American answer, the constitutional answer, and the answer of justice to the cry of distress. Freedom is still the goal. Now, as ever, Liberty is the cry of the soul of man.

And how is this to be secured, do you ask? In reply, and conscious of the fact that I can here only roughly outline a few principles which should guide us, allow me to quote from the one man who by his writings did more to make the Declaration of Independence a possibility than any other, Thomas Paine. He says:

Man did not enter society to become worse than he was before, nor to have fewer rights than he had before, but to have those rights better secured. His natural rights are the foundation of all his civil rights.

Civil rights are those which appertain to man in right of his being a member of society. Every civil right has for its foundation some natural

right, pre-existing in the individual, but to the enjoyment of which his individual power is not in all cases sufficiently competent.

He then sums up as follows:

First: Every civil right grows out of a natural right; or in other words is a natural right exchanged.

Secondly: Civil power, properly considered as such, is made up of the aggregate of that class of the natural rights of man which becomes defective in the individual in point of power, and answers not his purpose, but when collected to a focus, becomes competent to the purpose of everyone.

Thirdly: The power produced from the aggregate of natural rights, imperfect in power in the individual, cannot be applied to invade the natural rights which are retained in the individual, and in which the power to execute is as perfect as the right itself.

I have grouped the natural rights of man under two heads:

First. The right to security in the use of a sufficient portion of the earth's surface for self-support free from the claims of rent, tax, or the oppressive power of money. In short, a free home upon the soil which no power can wrest from the family, said homestead to be limited in money value so as to cover the necessities of life; all above this valuation to be taxed; all below it to be free from the claims of the sheriff for taxes or the demands of future would-be mortgagees. For, if this right to a home upon the soil is a natural right, whence comes the power to tax or take away? Henry George admits this as a natural right, but would in his system allow this free gift of the Creator only to men able to pay. That is, he puts the right of man upon the auction block, and he who is able to pay most is to be given most of natural right!

Secondly. The right of the producer of wealth to complete freedom of exchange with others for all the products of hand or brain; or, exchange at cost, secured by the civil authority, where the ability of the individual is defective in power. Exchange at cost secured by the civil power includes in its scope the question of government ownership and control of the means of exchange, including railways, telegraphs, telephones, and all the machinery of money. For it is self-evident that, if by means of these instruments of exchange specially favored and wealthy individuals are to be allowed to collect tribute above the cost of service, whoever is thus forced to submit to the exactions of a favored few is not a free citizen. Who does not know that the tribute thus exacted is the cause

of all economic inequality among us? And who is there that cannot see that this inequality is secured by first depriving the citizen of his self-evident, inalienable, indefeasible, and constitutional right to free exchange?

I have endeavored to state these truths in few words, thus: *Public things to the public; private affairs to the individual.*

All rights can readily be secured under the forms of law now provided, whenever the people have the virtue and the courage to demand their constitutional rights by persistently asserting themselves, as honest men should, and as brave men will.

On considering man's relation to the soil two rights plainly appear: first, the right of the individual to the use of natural opportunities for self-support, or the preservation of life; secondly, the right of organized society to whatever may be necessary for public use, it being understood that the right to occupy and use, only, is held by man. The right of the public to land is simple, as Paine has it, the right of individuals "brought to a focus." The right of the many to any particular spot or piece of land is, as a matter of course, greater than that of any one individual, provided it is needed for public use.

On whatever land is used or needed for use by the public, though nominally in the possession of individuals, and on whatever is held by individuals in excess of natural right, the right of the public to levy taxation, or collect tribute, seems clear, taxation being in reality an assertion of sovereignty. On land held, used, and occupied by the individual citizen as a necessary means of support, and not needed for public use, the right of taxation does not obtain, from the absence of just ground for its exercise. The individual in this case is simply in possession of an *inalienable* right, the right to apply labor to natural opportunities for self-support, and this fundamental natural right not even the public can rightfully abridge or deny.

The better to explain my meaning I have here set forth a proposed constitutional amendment. Properly, a constitution should be mainly a bill of rights. Hence, here is the place for

the statement of a fundamental right. Each State should fix the amount exempted at whatever sum may be sufficient to cover enough land for self-support, and no more. From a somewhat extended inquiry I am convinced that the provisions here set forth, if enacted into law, would still leave, upon any proper estimate, or assessment, nine-tenths of land values still subject to taxation.

PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

Section 1.—Real estate, or land and all usual improvements, to the value of a sum not to exceed two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2500) held, used, and occupied in good faith as a homestead by any usual and private family, the head of which family shall be a citizen of the United States and the State of Washington, is hereby forever exempted from all taxation of every kind and character in this State. Provided, that all lands and natural opportunities used or needed for public use or business, as certain limited and restricted areas in towns and cities, all mines, forests, waterfalls, or other natural opportunities not available for cultivation or as dwelling-places be and the same are hereby expressly exempted from the provisions of this article.

Section 2.—The right of every family described in Section One of this article to the exclusive possession of a homestead, held, used, and occupied as described in said Section One and valued at a sum not exceeding two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2500) shall not be abridged or denied by reason of any contract, agreement, mortgage, or other instrument or promise whatsoever, verbal or written, made or executed by the possessors of said homestead after this article shall have been adopted in proper form by the people of this State.

Section 3.—The legislature shall have power to enact all laws necessary to carry into effect the due intent and meaning of the provisions of this article.

OUR INTERSTATE PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

BY JAMES J. WAIT.

EVERY four years, or oftener, the business of the country is disturbed by agitation of the tariff question. Politicians excite themselves to the borders of hysteria, and the press keeps the voters divided by party lines on what should be a purely economic problem. Such great public interest has been thereby aroused that it is surprising so few are aware that the railroads form practically a third house of Congress, and have established protective tariffs of their own. This has not been brought to public notice probably because the intricacies of the railroad question are so little understood, a discussion of the subject usually involving too many technicalities for the uninitiated. It has been the aim of our government to keep internal trade absolutely unrestricted, and while the most ardent protectionist would not dream of applying his principles to domestic commerce, the same railroads which have nullified the protective tariff upon many imports by means of discriminating rates, also maintain barriers between the States.

The statement that we have a protective system within the borders of the country, favoring one locality or individual as against another, of sufficient magnitude to be a restraint to trade, will doubtless be met with incredulity. Attention is therefore invited to some of the facts. It is probable that this state of affairs has been brought about, not by deliberate intent to accomplish the result as a whole, but by the strife of each carrier to secure business and protect itself from the extraordinary competition to which transportation interests are subjected. Until within a short time ago merchants who were injured satisfied themselves with an individual remedy by means of rebates or similar concessions, overlooking the fact that competing markets were probably accorded equal facilities; but now that freight tariffs are something more than the paper they are printed upon, their inequalities concern-

ing localities are becoming more apparent to commercial interests. Since the Interstate Commerce law has become a menace to the shipper, and no protection to him against his neighbor who is not law-abiding, a more general remedy must be sought. We are all familiar with the maps issued by the passenger agents, showing that each has the "short" line, but only the few who are conversant with the details realize how cities have been moved about the map, and geographical distance annihilated by the changes in freight tariffs. A few examples* of these discriminations will make the foregoing clear.

The freight tariffs applying upon manufactured articles from the Ohio river to the Southeastern States are on a much higher relative scale than those applying from the Eastern seaboard. In some cases much shorter distances have actually higher rates.

This is the result of an adjustment reached nearly twenty years ago, providing for a division of traffic to restrict the former disastrous competition among the railroads in the territory south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi river. While the agreement itself may not so state, there is fairly good evidence that the hidden basis was an understanding that the lines running coastwise should carry manufactured articles from Eastern territory, and that Western lines should carry provisions and grain products. To this end what are known as the "class rates" are so high from interior points that they are burdensome, and sometimes prohibitory. On the other hand the rates on provisions and grain products are made to encourage movement from the West. In some cases they appear unusually low when compared with merchandise rates.

The rates from Atlantic cities to Colorado and Utah are lower than from Detroit. Periodically they are less than from the Mississippi river.

The explanation offered is that the low rates are forced by water competition through the Gulf ports. The distance from Galveston to Denver is about the same as from the Mississippi river to Denver, so that they are a practical gift of 2,500 miles

* Figures and tabulated statements are omitted for the sake of brevity.

free water transportation, marine insurance, and rehandling. These rates apply not only from the coast cities, but the cost of shipping to tide water is absorbed from points as far west as a line drawn through Oil City, Pa., and sometimes including Pittsburg. A similar condition affects Texas, with the addition that it has been further proposed to make rates from the East the same as those applying from Kansas City.

The rail and lake rates from New England to Duluth are only a little higher than to Sault Ste. Marie. What are known as Missouri-river rates apply from the head of Lake Superior to the far West.

If a merchant on the Missouri river freights his manufactured goods from the East *via* the Lakes, and makes a sale to a customer in Butte, Mont., the property must pay a toll, nearly equal to the cost of rail transportation from New York to Chicago, more than if the business had been handled by his Northern competitors. This is not balanced in corresponding territory. If he makes a sale in Salt Lake City the freight cost *via* the competing route is the same as his, so that to a point straight west of him he has no protection, while he may be barred out from competition at a point straight west of Duluth. This situation is the result of the policy of the roads whose termini are at the head of Lake Superior to control the business *via* that route. The president of one of them is said to have remarked that in a few years he would confine the merchandise business of the interior States to a line drawn through Sioux City. One of these roads has its own steamboat service from Lake Erie ports, and sometimes makes the same rates on heavy goods from the manufacturing districts of the Mahoning valley as are in effect from the Missouri river. If this continues there is little question but that the prophecy quoted above will be accomplished.

Points on the Missouri river from Kansas City to Omaha inclusive are grouped, the same rates applying in and out on through business. The average distance to Omaha on the north and Kansas City on the south from St. Louis is longer than the distance from Milwaukee to St. Paul. The average distance from Milwaukee to the Missouri river is just about the same as from St. Louis to St. Paul. Milwaukee rates are

one-third higher to the Missouri river than from St. Louis. St. Louis rates are five per cent only higher to St. Paul than from Milwaukee, which is about half the distance.

This situation was objected to as follows by the head of the freight department of one of the roads interested:

It is our opinion that the present adjustment is unfair and unwarranted, and we believe that the rates from St. Louis to St. Paul-Minneapolis should bear the same relation to the rates from Milwaukee as the rates from Milwaukee to the Missouri river bear to the rates from St. Louis to the Missouri river.

This seems a perfectly fair proposition, but it was defeated. Carloads of heavy goods manufactured at St. Louis pay one half-cent more freight to St. Paul than if shipped from Milwaukee. If shipped from Milwaukee to the Missouri river they are charged five cents per hundred more than if shipped from St. Louis, the relative distance and conditions being practically alike. A fraction of a cent per hundredweight is frequently sufficient to influence the sale of heavy merchandise.

The interstate Texas tariff provides very low carload rates upon over one hundred commodities without corresponding reduction in the less than carload rates, resulting in undue advantage to persons shipping in carload quantities, to the detriment of the small shipper. This situation is duplicated in Montana, Colorado, Utah, and to some extent to the Pacific Coast. It is peculiar to these localities, no such disparity existing in the East.

Some railroad officers call this Texas tariff "the Dingley bill applied to Texas" and "protection run wild," saying they would be glad to alter the discriminating rates but for the attitude of the Texas Railroad Commission, which has notified them that any change is punishable by drastic reductions of their local rates. The Texas Commission appears to be helping the big fish to eat the little ones, and evidently still believes the doctrine of State Rights, for it has intimated that any order of the Interstate Commerce Commission correcting this evil will be nullified through its control of rates within the State.

A prominent merchant recently testified that "a number

of failures of retail merchants in late years were due to over-buying. The insolvents say they were forced to overstock because of the (relatively) exorbitant freight rates on less than carload quantities. They are forced to purchase more goods than they require in order to get around the railroad tariff, which is almost prohibitive of small shipments of staple goods."

The San Francisco *Call*, under heading of "Higher Rates for Retailers," makes use of the following:

One of the most important actions taken at the recent meeting of the Rate Committee was the widening of the difference between carload lots and less than carload lots, to the advantage of the wholesaler and to the detriment of the retailer.

When we consider that by reason of long distance and expensive roadbeds the freight cost into these portions of the country from the manufacturing districts is sometimes more than the value of the goods, and that the differences between carload and less are frequently more than any profit obtainable by the dealer, the effect can readily be appreciated. The motive behind this adjustment may be imagined from the following: The freight rates from the East to a large territory beyond the Rocky Mountains are made by adding the rates to the Pacific Coast, which have been forced down by the Panama water competition, to the rates from the coast back to the objective point. This, of course, places a premium on goods shipped to the coast in carloads and reshipped back in small lots, or in mixed cars, as against small shipments from the East. The carload rates upon nails, fence wire, staples, etc., are the same. Generally speaking, the carload rates apply upon mixed cars of these articles all over the United States, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Pacific Coast east-bound; but to the Pacific Coast west-bound they are applicable upon straight carloads only of 30,000 pounds. Some retailers in this intermediate territory, who cannot afford to purchase at one time this amount of each of the above commodities, desired permission to apply the carload rate upon mixed cars. This seemingly innocent request was met by the following protest, bearing the names of eleven large houses:

We are advised that the proposition is before the Trans-Continental

Roads to modify the commodity tariff so as to admit of the mixing of barbed and plain wire and wire nails in carload lots from the Eastern cities to the Pacific Coast. Such action would be a great blow to the interests of the Pacific Coast; therefore, we urge you in behalf of our Association to resist this change to the bitter end.

That is, merchants who can buy in large quantities, and reship in mixed carloads to intermediate territory at carload rate, prevent the small merchant from shipping direct from manufacturing points to his place of business in mixed carloads at carload rate. Some of the low carload rates to the Rocky Mountains and peculiar restrictions covering shipments of canned goods and the like are frankly admitted by the roads to have been made at the demand of large dealers, who threatened inimical local legislation as an alternative.

Because but a few of these protective tariffs have been cited, it must not be inferred that they are the only ones. Instances might be continued indefinitely if anything more were necessary to show their character and effect. One cause of the discrimination against localities is the effort of lines built through a poor country to increase their business by diverting shipments from the short lines to an unnatural route. This can be done only by considerable concessions in the cost. They seek to justify these reduced rates by the claim that the haul is partly by water, ignoring the fact that sometimes the rail mileage of the water and rail route is longer than the short-line distance having higher rates. When the rates by such circuitous routes are made much lower than the all-rail tariffs, there usually follows a reduction over competing routes between terminal points, but not necessarily from intermediate competing territory. When business is poor the long lines resort to various devices, legal and otherwise, to secure tonnage, while the direct and strong lines are slow to follow, not wishing to demoralize their other traffic. This places an added burden upon communities already handicapped by the wrong adjustment of tariffs. The Interstate Commerce law has failed to stop this rate-cutting, the scare occasioned by the Brown decision having worn off; and it is a curious fact that some roads in the hands of the United States Courts are the worst offenders. The findings of the Commission correcting discriminat-

ing tariffs also lack enforcement, and it is no secret that the support which is sometimes given by mercantile bodies to legislation adverse to railroads, is largely due to irritation caused by uncorrected abuses of this kind.

It is human nature that those centres which are more favored and the roads which profit thereby should be slow to abandon their advantages. Complaints to the railroad associations have, for this reason, seldom accomplished anything, and now that they have been declared illegal there is no machinery to persuade a road to advance its rates where relatively too low. The remedy at the hands of the Commission is a reduction of the competing rate, which may be in itself just and reasonable, but such authority as it has so exercised has been denied by the courts. A cure for all this is easy to suggest, but its application may be another matter.

The railroads have been complaining of poor earnings, in common with all other lines of business, and many merchants, holding railroad securities, shrink from an attempt to redress their grievances because the only apparent remedy is a reduction of rates. Almost any business man can point out rates which are relatively or actually too low; and there are many "commodity" rates through the West, discriminating in effect if not in intent, for which there is in general no commercial necessity. If the railroads would make neighborly concessions from their present discriminations against locality, advancing these rates, their earnings as a whole might be considerably increased, and the injured localities and individuals might be relieved without injustice to others. Failing in this we must have Federal authority capable of enforcing its decrees, and clothed with the power to raise rates which are too low commercially or unremunerative to the carrier, and to do this promptly, not after years of costly and wearying litigation.

This protective system is as sectional as any question since slavery was abolished, therefore national control is imperative. Merchants, manufacturers, and distributors who suffer from it should join with the progressive railroads in the effort to place the rate-regulating (not rate-making) power in the hands of the Commission, and to lessen the excessive competition,

injurious alike to the morals of the people and to the railroads, which is the primary cause of illegal discrimination. Railroad managers who realize that it would be better to have their rates controlled by the government than fixed by their piratical competitors, can, no doubt, be trusted to continue their pressure upon Congress; but there is danger in legalized pooling, with the present discriminating basis, unless commercial interests awake to the necessity of making the power of the Commission strong enough to compel equal justice to all, while securing it for the carrier.

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY.

BY JOHN D. SPENCE.

"Canada is a nation. Canada is free: and freedom is her nationality."
—*Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada.*

Hazelton, Pa., Sept. 11.—Twenty-one corpses lie to-night in ramshackle frame shanties about this hill-top town. Forty maimed, wounded, and broken figures toss on the narrow cots of the Hazelton hospital. Of these it is almost a certainty that five will be added to the death list before another day dawns. Such was the execution done yesterday afternoon by 102 deputy sheriffs armed to the teeth upon about 150 ignorant foreigners whose total armament consisted of two little penknives. These facts are undisputed.—*Press Despatch.*

MR. GOLDWIN Smith, jealous that the people of the United States shall not be misled by appearances, or perhaps irritated to observe the tide of events setting so strongly against his dictum of "manifest destiny," writes to the *New York Nation* in part as follows:

How often has the action of the great forces, sure in the end to prevail, been suspended, and long suspended, by that of secondary forces or by adverse accident! . . . The time will come when American statesmen, now so indifferent to this question, will see that if it was worth while to spend all that blood and money in averting the establishment of an antagonistic power to your south, it is not less worth while to bestow political effort in averting the establishment of an antagonistic power to your north, and that the British Canadian is at least as desirable a citizen as the Southern white or negro.

It is not necessary to comment upon the inference to be drawn from such language. At its worst, the suggestion is so dangerous that one hesitates to believe that Mr. Smith penned the words with full perception of the evil purpose to which they may so easily be distorted. At its best, it is a suggestion that the "political" resources of a nation of approximately seventy millions of people, professing personal and political freedom, should be exerted in some unexplained manner to destroy the independence of a nation, only five millions strong, whose sole political aims are liberty and peace, whose government is a pure democracy, and whose relations with the United States have been always friendly except when the United States have insisted on unfriendliness.

It is true that Mr. Smith has in the past disclaimed any intention of advising coercion. It is difficult, however, to dissociate that idea from the words above quoted. To the ordinary United States reader the coupling of the proposition to acquire Canada with the reminder of the fierce struggle to preserve the Union must be suggestive, if not inflammatory. Politicians and newspaper men, in their hurried public life, are not apt to discriminate so nicely as Mr. Goldwin Smith no doubt would wish. Already the fruits of his suggestion are apparent. The *Philadelphia Press*, which is perhaps not aware that Mr. Smith has heretofore plainly indicated that coercion, political or military, would be disastrous to the Union no less than to Canada, spoke in a recent issue as follows:

Canadian politicians are using the privileges they enjoy to build up a hostile nation on our northern frontier. The United States ought to begin a systematic policy which will make the separate existence of Canada first unprofitable and then impossible.

These words seem, at all events, to be the natural outcome of Mr. Smith's advice. Is it fair to conclude that he himself has advanced to that position? If so, it is hard for some of us in Canada to believe that the people of the Union, knowing the facts, will in the least agree with him. We believe that in that case Mr. Smith misunderstands the people of the United States, as throughout long years spent in Canada he has misunderstood (we think) the people of this Dominion.

One cannot assume, however, that Mr. Smith has wandered so far from his former position. Nor, in calling his opinions in question, is it necessary to deny his high personal character, his generous public spirit, his real desire for the welfare of this continent. These are above question, though devotion to a political proposition may perhaps blind him sometimes to obvious facts. But it is only to state the absolute truth to say that his views on this question are most unpopular in Canada; and his own popularity has suffered accordingly. Mr. Smith, who would be the last person to affront another in private life, has never fully realized, and therefore fails at times to respect, the sensitive national feeling of his fellow citizens. Witness his letter to the *Nation*:

British statesmen, on the other hand, will learn the hopelessness of

their attempt to keep five millions of North Americans out of North America and attach them to Europe.

One is tempted to use strong language respecting this implication. Mr. W. D. Howells, amazed as he is at the glow and thrill inspired throughout the British Empire at the name of England, which awakens in his countrymen only a "cold disgust," tells us that if ever that "mighty Empire is to perish it will die first at the heart. Canada will not grow cold first, nor Africa, nor Australasia, nor India, but England herself." Mr. Howells, I venture to assert, is incomparably nearer the truth than Mr. Goldwin Smith. But Mr. Smith is a student of affairs, and he knows that the British policy of *laissez-faire*, the absence of any such active interest as he indicates, has been a cause of complaint in Canada; he knows that Canada is Canada by her own efforts, because she is free, because she is contented, because she has absolutely no desire to sink her identity by annexation, because British connection assures her independence, and because her people are proud of their British citizenship and of their place in the free British brotherhood. But that Mr. Smith should thus draw the lash across the faces of his countrymen at a moment when, by reason of their participation in the great national sacrament of last June, they are filled with a renewed and wholly elevating national elation, shows how little he has understood them. The feeling against him is not unnatural. What, let me ask, would be the treatment accorded to a resident citizen of the United States, living under the protection of its laws, who should seem to urge a foreign power to destroy its constitution? But it is the clearest evidence at once of the assured strength of Canadian nationality and of the absolute freedom of speech and action in Canada that such of his utterances as those already cited are little noticed and are in no way interfered with. Their only result is that he is, politically speaking, sent to Coventry; Canada denies herself the benefit of his public services. In politics there are none so poor as do him reverence.

His influence is perhaps most surely destroyed by the unpleasant dogmatism with which he assumes that there can be but one solution of a complex international question; and that the great movements of national sentiment which stir the

Canadian people from time to time are but the backwash of the flood which is "manifestly" bearing them towards annexation to the United States. On this point there are those who venture to dispute the teachings of history as interpreted even by so great a student of it as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and who make so bold as to deny to Mr. Smith a place among the prophets. Their right to differ is certainly not less when Mr. Smith progresses from prophecy to counsel, and undertakes to advise a great nation to hasten, by artificial "political" efforts, the operations of nature, lest perchance foreordination might fail of its end. To determine the value of the advice, it may be profitable for us, as loyal citizens of this North-American continent and of the world, to inquire, with an open mind, why the United States should deem it worth their while to interfere in any way with the national development of Canada.

What then is this new political birth which you are invited, fellow Americans, to strangle in its cradle? What is the menace to the Republic which lurks in the aspiration of this young people? Why should you destroy—why is your government at this moment apparently seeking, like a modern Herod, to destroy—this newborn nationality?

The Dominion of Canada, thirty years ago an idea, is to-day a fact. A well-wisher of the United States, a supporter of that Liberal party in Canada which has always advocated the fairest and friendliest relations with the United States to which the United States would give their concurrence, a Canadian who believes that the basic principles of the Declaration of American Independence can be furthered by the healthy growth of the democratic Canadian nation, may perhaps be permitted to suggest what the Dominion of Canada means, to us and to you.

One thing it does not mean. Mr. Smith's language seems apt, at times, to foster the crude notion that Great Britain harbors vague designs, backed by military force, upon the free institutions of this North American continent. That notion, to us too absurd to be amusing, has inspired more than one ill-natured cartoon in New York comic journals. The facts disprove it. Britain's friendliness to the United States and

Britain's confidence in the friendly good sense of the American people are nowhere more conspicuous than here. From sea-board to seaboard of Canada not one soldier is under arms in the pay of the British government. Not one real fortification has been erected anywhere against attacks from the south. The United States and Canada have both practised the millennial virtue of disarmament, for which the nations of Europe sigh; and that state of affairs may be preserved by treaty as easily as, by the same means, the two powers are restrained from constructing or placing armed vessels on the great lakes. Mr. Smith himself tells us that militarism in democratic Canada is utterly impossible. Canada's permanent militia (humorously dubbed her "standing army") is composed of fewer than 1,000 men! Its usefulness is obvious; but as a menace to the United States it is laughable. The ordinary active militia are simply civilians organized for defence after the fashion of the national guard. In the light of these facts, which are the more impressive when we remember the tremendous length of the Canadian frontier, the purpose of the few fortifications which actually do exist on the seaboard, east and west, and of the British regulars detailed to defend them, becomes clear. Not American, but European complications are those really provided against: Britain is bound to protect all the coasts of her vast empire against possible attack. But as for the United States—as the Canadian Minister of Militia well said during the Venezuelan irritation: "Canada's first line of defence is the good sense of the American people." Do not mistake me if I insist upon her ultimate defence: the determination of her citizens (not boisterous, but quiet and resolute as was proved by her attitude during the same unhappy crisis) that they will continue to manage their own affairs. If it should ever happen, in the perverse foolishness of international politics, that troops of the United States should overrun Canada (with what opposition we may not boast), it is that quiet determination that would make their power in Canada a weakness and their victory ultimately the greatest of all defeats.

Another delusion of the ill-informed, which Mr. Goldwin Smith would serve the continent by removing, is that British

power on this hemisphere is that of a foreigner, holding Canada in subjection and ever seeking to extend the area of despotic institutions here as throughout the world. It seems inconceivable to those who have learned to know and prize British freedom that such a notion should require contradiction. But that such a notion exists, numerous conversations with otherwise intelligent citizens of the United States have attested; and indeed some United States newspapers proclaim it to the world. Surely it is time that people should learn the truth; surely it cannot harm the great Republic to know that as the French Jacobins of 1792 (when British liberty was much more restricted than now) hailed the United States, Great Britain, and France as the three free peoples, so to-day Great Britain and the United States stand together in the forefront of the battle for human liberty. Possibly, as we believe, Great Britain, like the Tennessean's dog, is "a leetle ahead!" So wide indeed is British freedom that on the continent of Europe England is reviled as the harbinger of anarchists. The right to march and to speak in public, sometimes forbidden to United States workingmen on pain of death by shooting, is so fully established in monarchical England that any attempt to interfere with it, even on pretence of averting violence, raises a storm of indignation from end to end of the island kingdom.

The fact is, many of the people of the United States fail to understand the attitude of the British people at home and abroad, towards them, towards popular rights, and particularly towards that great fight for freedom, the American Revolution. Not holding a brief for the Queen, one cannot say how Her Majesty regards the handiwork of her ancestor, George III. Her friendship for the American people has been proved again and again. But, whatever her sentiments and however kindly and wisely she may have expressed them, it is no disrespect nowadays to her crown and dignity to say that her personal views are no longer of prime importance in British affairs of state. Great Britain is no longer, as George would have had it, the British crown: it is now the British people. And from end to end of Britain and from shore to shore of the Canadian Dominion, intelligent Britons recognize the Ameri-

can Revolution, in spite of some excesses, as one of the great series of battles which have forever established their liberties and made them free, at home and abroad, above all other nations of the earth. Britons everywhere may well claim Washington, with Hampden, as their own. They justify the Revolution; they deplore the bungling administration which made it a necessity. None the less do they deplore the separation, of sentiment rather than of government, which has been its result.

It is unfortunate that so many of the people of the United States should shut their eyes to this greatest fact of modern political history—the final triumph of democracy in Great Britain. One would suppose that that triumph would be hailed with jubilation by the great champion of democracy in the West. But it seems hard to realize that without bloodshed, without disastrous political upheaval, by gradual and almost imperceptible change, Great Britain has become a republic. A republic, it is true, under the guise of a monarchy, preserving all the advantages and some of the evils of monarchical institutions—but nevertheless a republic in the real sense. For she possesses a government whose only right to govern rests avowedly upon the consent of the governed; whose policy is more open to the influence and more easily changed by the will of the common people than that of the United States themselves. From year to year she moves forward along the path of greater freedom; and if at the bidding of the people a so-called Conservative cabinet takes office, with its Most Noble Marquises and all the rest of its glittering aristocratic equipment, it is only that it may carry into legislation the less radical (sometimes the most radical) proposals of the Liberals who have gone before.

As in Britain, so in Canada. Democratic as we are in this Dominion, loving that liberty for which Britons and Americans—and Canadians—have fought in the past, and of which the United States is one great monument, we can view our position as Canadian and British citizens with perfect contentment. We can even assure our brethren of the Republic that we would that they were not almost but altogether such as we are, the bonds of affection that link us to Britain not excepted.

Canadians will suffer tyranny and misgovernment no more patiently than did the Thirteen Colonies. We too have had our little differences with the officials of the mother country. Even before 1837 we asserted our right to govern ourselves in our own way within the colonies. A few years later this right was conceded; and what we know as responsible government—government by a committee of parliament which holds office only so long as it enjoys the confidence of the direct representatives of the people—was inaugurated throughout all the British American provinces. By a gradual evolution of the principle of local self-government, full political rights have been secured to the Canadian people, till at the present moment the elective Parliament of the Dominion, representing the people of the (now) confederated provinces, with the territories, is in absolute control of all the internal affairs of Canada within the federal jurisdiction, subject to none, answerable to none, save and except the people of Canada alone. Imperial veto—though existent in the words of the constitution—is avowedly a myth, so far as the administration of Canadian affairs is concerned. We are free to govern and misgovern ourselves as we please. We have exercised our right by imposing a harsh tariff on goods from Britain, until recently making no distinction in her favor as against foreigners; and by regulation of immigration from Britain as from other countries.

Apart from one or two matters of peculiar difficulty and of minor importance, it is only when imperial foreign relations are concerned that Canada's complete autonomy becomes questionable. In this regard, the evolutionary forces are still operating; they have not yet reached the perfection of their work. But there is no disagreement and no impatience. Britons in Great Britain and Britons in Canada recognize the necessity for entrusting the delicate business of foreign diplomacy to one central authority; and the difficulty of providing at present for representation of the outlying districts of the empire on the bodies in which that central authority is vested. But mark here the most extraordinary feature of Great Britain's magnificent colonial policy. While the cost and the heavy responsibility of foreign diplomacy are borne by the mother country, she makes no treaty, enters on no undertak-

ing, affecting the rights of her colonies without consulting the colonial governments concerned. Thus, Canadian representatives, technically owing their appointment to the home government, but in reality the nominees of Canada, have taken part in negotiations at Washington. A Canadian sat as one of Great Britain's representatives on the Behring Sea tribunal at Paris, and Canadian counsel appeared for Great Britain before it. To the fullest extent, therefore, British statesmen freely concede the right of the colonies not only to manage their own affairs, but to be heard in all affairs of the empire which affect them. They recognize, indeed, that Canada is no longer a colony in any sense of that word known to history.

The present year has seen a striking demonstration of the working of this policy. Two imperial commercial treaties, of great importance and of long standing, one with Germany, the other with Belgium, were objected to by Canada on the ground that, having been concluded before the present liberal policy had been fully developed, they assumed to apply to the colonies as well as to the mother land, and hampered the adoption of certain Canadian commercial legislation. On this objection, notice was given to the two countries concerned that Great Britain would take advantage of a clause in the treaties empowering her to terminate them on a year's notice. Thus Great Britain has changed her own commercial relations with these two countries and has to a certain extent imperilled an important part of her trade, in pursuance of the policy under which untrammelled freedom is the portion of all States of the British Empire.

Since 1776, how great a change! Taxation without representation, the evil which the Revolutionary fathers decried, has actually given place to representation without taxation. Our views are sought and are heeded; our interests are consulted; and not one dollar of tribute in any form crosses the Atlantic. Is it strange that, knowing Great Britain as we do, appreciating the magnanimity of her policy, not only to us but to the world, we should feel uneasy under such conditions; that we should desire a change, not that we might give less, but that we might give more in return for so complete and generous a recognition of our rights as British citizens? With

entire confidence it may be asserted that if one-half the benefits enjoyed by the Canadian people had been conceded to the Thirteen Colonies, the American Revolution would never have darkened—or brightened—a page in history.

It is hardly necessary to refer again to the fact that the prerogative of the crown in Great Britain has dwindled steadily, till now the royal authority rests almost solely on personal influence, varying with the weight which greater or less tact, experience, and good judgment give to the views of the sovereign in the opinion of her responsible advisers. In practical effect, the Queen is chairman of the executive council of the kingdom, moderating but in no case controlling the action of her ministers so long as those ministers represent—and they must represent—the people. Democratic as such a system is, it yet falls short of the completeness of popular rule in Canada and in the other outlying states of the British Empire. For the Governor-General of Canada, appointed by the imperial cabinet to represent the crown, is expressly instructed to follow in all things the advice of the Canadian ministers, representing the Canadian people. Trained diplomat, practised and highminded statesman as he invariably is, absolutely non-partisan in Canadian politics, he is a useful pivot of our constitution. But it follows from the shortness of his term of office and from his non-acquaintance with the minor currents of Dominion politics, no less than from the settled principles of our government, that his influence and authority here must be small—less, even, than the attenuated power of the crown in Britain. Therefore, of fixed design, the Canadian Prime Minister and his Canadian cabinet are left in absolute control, subject to their immediate responsibility to the elective House of the Canadian Parliament.

The autonomy thus enjoyed by Canada in respect of her federal affairs extends downward throughout the whole system of her government. The Provinces which compose the great Canadian confederation are themselves autonomous in respect of provincial matters. The spheres of Dominion and of Provincial jurisdiction are defined by law; and the Dominion Parliament cannot infringe provincial rights. Like the Dominion, the Provinces are left free to mismanage, if they

please, the matters which lie within their jurisdiction, the Dominion right of disallowance being jealously circumscribed and at all times sparingly exercised. Not even with the Provinces does the principle of self-government cease to operate. In the Province of Ontario, for instance, the counties, and below them again the townships and other municipalities, have their own local equipment for the conduct of local affairs. So from the Dominion as a whole to the paltry backwoods township or school-section the larger or smaller communities are assured of their right to do as they will with their own. And when we reach at last the individual citizen, for whose life, liberty, and happiness all governments exist and all good laws are contrived, Canada may boast that within her borders he enjoys a security for life and property, a freedom of speech and of action, which Britain with her crowned democracy, the United States with their government of the people, by the people, for the people, may perhaps hope to equal but assuredly cannot excel.

These are the facts. With the facts before them, why should the people of the United States accept the advice of Mr. Goldwin Smith to interfere by "political" effort with a nation so situated? Canada asks nothing but liberty to govern herself in her own way; and it would pass the wit even of Mr. Goldwin Smith to point out in what respect she is "antagonistic"—in what respect her political methods and aims are inimical to the United States or to the social and economic principles in whose name the Constitution of the United States was framed. Canada, were she not the most modest of nations, might well maintain that in six at least of her seven Provinces the creed of the great Declaration is of more actual moment than it is south of the boundary line. Her laws are more liberal; her policy is broader and more generous. If, commercially speaking, Canada, while setting her door ajar to Great Britain, has closed it in part to the United States, the fault of that closing is not hers. Again and again she has offered reciprocity—a neighborly policy—and again and again has her offer been refused. Her present tariff is in express terms a standing offer of reciprocal low duties. Her people have been harassed by petty labor laws which have tended to embitter international

relations, but only within the past year has she been driven in self-defence to enact similar legislation, which she herself regards as contemptible and prepares to enforce with a sorry heart. While United States adventurers are flocking into the Klondike and flocking out again with their thousands of Canadian gold from that icy treasure-house which Canada has thrown open to all the world alike, narrow and illiberal legislation still stands upon United-States statute books which makes it impossible for a Canadian to acquire a mining claim from the United-States government. Yet United-States citizens, thus enriched by Canada's generosity, continue to denounce the mining royalty (exactd from British subjects and aliens alike) as a "steal"; and New York journals threaten war if Canadian laws are enforced on Canadian territory. The United-States tariff trespasses so far on international courtesy (to use no stronger phrase) as to endeavor, by discriminatory duties, even to compel the employment of United States citizens on Canadian soil. The United States have not yet outgrown the small-souled laws as to property rights of aliens, which were swept away in the old Province of Canada as early as 1849. Canadian and British schoolbooks teach a friendly attitude towards the Republic; whether those of the several States reciprocate in this matter the people of the Union are the best judges. Will it be believed that in this down-trodden, unenlightened colony, ground under the gilded heel of a European despotism, the one school history which is authorized by government from end to end of the Dominion in substance justifies, while it deplures, the American Revolution?

It is easy to multiply examples of the greater generosity of Canadian laws and institutions. It is easy to show—the *New York Nation* has indeed already shown—that if five millions of North Americans are, as Mr. Smith complains, kept out of the North American continent, they are kept out, so far as all but political identity is concerned, not by Britain, not even by their own efforts, but by the deliberate policy, I venture to call it the shortsighted and illiberal policy, of the legislators of the United States.

Notwithstanding such exclusion, Canadians consider that they are very well situated as they are. Their position as

British citizens on the American continent has had peculiar advantages for them, in enabling them to weigh carefully the benefits and the evils of one government and of the other. It could be shown, possibly, that the mass of the British-Canadian people, escaping the insular self-contentment of Great Britain and the continental assumption of the United States, have gained a greater knowledge and formed a truer estimate of both these nations than either of them has of the other. To Canada, therefore, may be allotted the task of bringing the two great English-speaking nations to a better understanding. She gives to the one, without coercion, her loyal sympathy; to the other, without servility, her friendly respect. She knows that in matters of commerce one is the natural complement of the other; and that therefore their commercial interests are one. She knows that in matters political the aspirations, and in great part the achievements, of the two peoples are the same; that to the honest, public-spirited citizen in Great Britain the Union Jack is the symbol of the same high national ideals as thrill the best of the people of the United States at sight of the Stars and Stripes. She knows that the expansion of the British Empire—so criminal in the eyes of foreigners—is the insuppressible output of that same virility of race which on this continent has subdued savage man and savage nature, and carried peace, freedom, commerce, and the common law of England from sea to sea, following the starry flag of the Union here as they follow the Union Jack throughout the world. She knows that so far as the United States are concerned, Great Britain has no thought of any but the most friendly rivalry; nay, that great nation, which declines the alliance and braves the dislike of every other power on earth, goes out of its way to court the friendship of the American Republic. Why? United States comic papers—and some not intentionally comic—are pleased to intimate that the British lion fears to resent the twisting of his tail by United-States politicians. But, whatever their faults, the British people are no cowards. If, with their vast empire, they must at last go down, they will fall fighting for their Union as the Republic fought for hers. They have no fear of the United States; their real sentiment is deeper and more

generous. In their hearts they claim the United States as their natural ally, pledged as a nation to the same great aims. Therefore they have borne with words and deeds that in the case of any other nation would inevitably have led to war; therefore they are waiting yet, not with encouragement, for the awakening of the United-States people to the recognition of the essential unity of empire and republic. The form of government is little; the welfare of the common people is all.

Here, then, the Canadian people take their stand. It is not impossible that some day when the great schism of 1776 has been healed, not by a reunion of the two nations under the same sovereign or under the same president—that is not essential, perhaps not desirable from any point of view—but by the growth in the United States of the friendly feeling which is universal in Great Britain, though United-States newspapers and public men do much to destroy it, Canada may find her relations with the Republic immensely improved. For honorable commercial intercourse much freer than at present, with great mutual advantage, she is already prepared; and no sane reason against such intercourse, with or without political union, can be urged on the part of the United States. But from political union, as such, Canada has nothing whatever to gain. So satisfactory is her present position that even the bribe of free entry to United-States markets does not tempt her to seek a change. She has solved difficult problems; to-day, a French Catholic Prime Minister, equally eloquent in both languages, is at the head of her government, supported with enthusiastic loyalty alike by his own French province of Quebec and by Protestant fellow citizens of British origin. Her judiciary, with exceedingly rare exceptions, is above reproach. Municipal government is relatively pure and efficient. Law and order are maintained throughout a region larger than the United States—in itself a magnificent achievement for five millions of plucky people. Her Indian administration has compelled the admiration of the civilized world, for it has throughout been based on justice; and treaty rights have been scrupulously respected. Wealth is more evenly distributed, labor and capital work together with greater mutual respect, commercial depression is less severe,

panic is more rare, and financial institutions are more stable, than in the United States. What has a republic to offer us that we do not already possess? Nothing—absolutely nothing!

But I am aware that such a discussion is after all somewhat unseasonable. Annexation is not a live issue in either country. Perhaps, unlike Mr. Smith, the people of the United States are content to await the operation of "manifest destiny" without struggling to assist it. But the truth probably is that the matter is of little or no interest to them; they are wrapped up in themselves and in their own country; most of them, like most of mankind, are too careworn with the effort to make a living, even in this Western land of golden promise, to trouble much about national affairs; they know little and care less about the sturdy Dominion to their north. At present, at all events, they do not seek to annex Canada, nor to crush her by "political" or military effort. Why should they? What is their temptation to so great a sin against their own national creed? Is it territorial extension of a nation already larger in continuous arable acreage than almost any other civilized state? Is it the increased population which would correspondingly increase the military resources of a people happily placed beyond the dread of foreign war? Is it that for all time war may be averted on this continent?—diversity of interest will lead to war even with identity of government, as the Union has already proved. Is it terror inspired in a nation of seventy millions by the military menace of five millions scattered along its borders? Is it fear of the rivalry of those five millions in commerce and in the productive arts? Is it political ambition, leading a party to desire to add to its strength by foreign conquest? Is it a willingness to secure the aid of the clean blood and healthy public spirit of the Canadian people in coming conflicts with real dangers that beset the Republic? Is it advantage to be gained by a handful of United-States operators, as may at least be suspected in the case of another annexation proposal now before the world? Is it a desire to increase the markets of United-States manufacturers or the field of activity of United-States trusts?—a high ambition to extend the jurisdiction of

deputy sheriffs and of government by injunction? If none of these, what then? The simple truth is, that the plain, honest, common people of the United States have absolutely no cause to desire the annexation of Canada as a result of political or military coercion. There can be no greater reason for the exertion of political effort by the United States to absorb Canada than by the State of New York to absorb the State of New Jersey.

Nor have the plain, honest common people of Canada any reason to wish to be annexed. They are not impervious to argument. They are without proof that the change may be made with honor and advantage. Prove to them that the Republic has outgrown petty hatreds a century old. Prove to them that her government conduces more largely to human freedom than does the present government of Canada in particular and of the British Empire as a whole. Prove that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are more certainly the birthright of her citizens than of ours. Prove that within her bounds justice is more evenly administered, that the laws are more generous and more strictly enforced, that the poor are indeed free, and equal with the rich, that both her great political parties are wrong, the one in charging repudiation, the other in charging plutocratic selfishness, as the policy of its opponents. Prove that lynching and similar lawlessness, absolutely unknown in Canada, are not attributable, when they occur across the line, to defects in political, judicial, or social conditions which Canada escapes. Prove that trade is less hampered by harsh and childish restrictions. Prove that the intelligent and public-spirited, rather than the ignorant or self-seeking, prevail in the councils of the Union; that Federal, State, and municipal politics are less corrupt; that the shameful influence of the lobby is more swiftly purged by wholesome public censure. Prove that race cleavages, class hatreds, and sectional jealousies are less vital and less menacing. Prove that in throwing in her lot with the Republic, Canada will thereby lessen the foolish and wholly baseless antagonism to Great Britain of which United-States journals give ample evidence. Prove, above all, that as a part of the Union she will not be driven by jingoes to bear a share

in unjust and useless war with that great country whose justice she knows, whose freedom she enjoys, whose history and aims engage her enthusiastic sympathy—prove these things, and Canada may waver from her course.

But she is far from being assured of them; and it will take much to move her. Not for a little will she surrender her two great privileges: British citizenship and the wideness of British freedom. Already she has shown to the world that political rights weigh more with her than prospective commercial advantage; more than once has she proved that even in the face of the very gravest danger—threatened with all the cruelties of unprovoked invasion—she will not quail before coercion. Separation from Great Britain would cause real sorrow to Canadians; their flag and their country are objects of sincere, often of passionate, attachment. As matters stand, separation, even with Great Britain's consent, could not be effected without war. So long at least as the United States maintain their present attitude towards the Dominion and towards Great Britain, Canada's course is clear. Her Parliament will consult her interests, without reference, as the *Toronto Globe* puts it, to the vagaries of United-States legislation, which may help her to-day and hurt her to-morrow. Assistance in solving political and social problems she will give always when she can; cordial coöperation in all good national works. But political and commercial self-dependence will be her unchanging motto.

Let none of us be boastful overmuch. Glaring national faults rebuke our pride in Great Britain, in the United States, in Canada. Well may we cry, with the poet of British imperialism:

For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Not the foolish feuds of governments but the uplifting of the common people is the present-day work of the world. In that work, to which both are pledged, let the English-speaking nations help one another—not hinder. They need have no antagonisms; brag and bluster and the lust of conquest are more often the signs of weakness than of strength.

Toronto, Canada.

MUNICIPAL PROPRIETORSHIP.

BY AUGUSTUS LYNCH MASON, A. M.

Ex-President, Citizens' Street Railroad Company, Indianapolis.

MANY conscientious persons adhere closely to the doctrine that the less work government has to do and the more that is left to private effort and individual initiative, the better both for government and people. But in respect to municipal institutions, practical circumstances are having more influence than political theories. Rapid expansion of cities brings into view most serious problems. The massing of people into small territory renders inadequate simple forms of government which did passably well in earlier days. Crowded populations become restless from discomfort. They are critical of their surroundings, and demand stronger and more efficient public service.

Municipal institutions throughout the United States and England have been unsatisfactory and are undergoing radical reconstruction. Accounts published in recent years of Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and other great cities read like a dream to one who is unfamiliar with the swift evolution of municipal government. These cities have been steadily increasing their governmental functions, until now one or other of them owns and operates municipal lodging-houses, model tenements, assembly rooms, farms, art galleries, bands and orchestras, gas-works and electric-light and -power stations, street railroads, ferries, steamboats, ship canals, laundries, bath-houses, and other institutions which have heretofore been left to private effort and capital. We hear with mild surprise that lodgers who hire beds in municipal lodging-houses are provided with evening entertainments, and at least one city employs an organist to give free organ recitals. Some of these cities sell or lease gas stoves; and one place in France is reported, where school children are given noon meals and presented with new suits of clothes in spring and fall, at public expense. Yet another town is said to maintain a municipi-

pal restaurant. In short, the growth in these directions is so rapid that no list of municipal functions can long remain complete. There are yet to be mentioned schools for instruction in the arts of manufacture and design, in engineering and surveying.

In considering the grounds for increasing municipal activities there ought to be general agreement upon the proposition that such questions are not to be determined by any universal rule. Each case must stand by itself and be determined by practical considerations. Thus, if it be insisted that a city should enter upon some new work, such as the construction and operation of gas-works, it is not a sufficient negative argument to say that government should not engage in business, but should leave it to private enterprise. Nor is it a satisfactory affirmative argument that quasi-public works should always be carried forward by government. Expediency rather than theory is the true test for the determination of such questions.

Police Power. Many of the undertakings in which it may be claimed that a city should engage on its own account fall within well-recognized police powers of the municipality. Street-lighting as a protection to person and property stands on the same footing with the maintenance of a police force. Since street-lighting is a public duty, it is a purely practical question whether this can be done better and more cheaply by contract with a private concern or by the city itself. So with water-supply for fire-hydrants, street-cleaning, and sewer-flushing, it is purely a matter of business and of public economy whether the city purchase this service from water-works owned by private individuals, or construct and operate its own water-works. Many subsidiary branches of public service, such as fire-alarm telegraph, police telephone lines, and ambulance service, present no more serious difficulty than the simple economic question of relative cost and efficiency. The same consideration would exclude the city from engaging in many enterprises. Thus, while the city might require engines and wire and dynamos for an electric-lighting system, it would not engage in the manufacture of these articles, because they could be purchased more cheaply owing to the small amount needed.

Modern city life requires more extensive exercise of police power to protect public health. If private enterprise fails to furnish a cheap and abundant supply of pure drinking water, a city government has little excuse for not undertaking the task itself. The effect of unwholesome water upon the health and the lives of citizens is so serious as to be thoroughly understood by the public.

If a municipality should furnish pure water to its citizens, would not the same line of reasoning lead the city into the business of selling good meat, pure milk, fresh vegetables, and ripe fruit? The test of expediency readily discloses the distinction between water-supply and food-supply. Private enterprise furnishes good, cheap, and abundant food. This is the great task of the human race, to which everyone may contribute. Competition tends to produce the best qualities of food at lowest prices. In the case of water-supply there is no competition, so that cheapness and excellence can only be secured by municipal interference.

In the older cities of Europe it has been found necessary to condemn at public expense large tracts of densely populated territory filled with crowded and rotten tenements. Ancient buildings have been destroyed, narrow and offensive streets replaced with broad avenues, and plague spots transformed into blooming gardens. This is a very large application of the simple primary power to abate a nuisance. Now, if a municipality may remedy an existing evil of overcrowding population, why should it not prevent such an evil from coming into existence by encouraging the distribution of population? Cheap rapid transit is a most effective means for this purpose, therefore every American city is charged with the duty of providing street railway lines, with efficient service and low fares. Such lines readily distribute congested populations, enabling workers to live at great distances from their work and secure fresh air and wholesome surroundings for their families. Since a city government is charged with this duty, the real question of providing rapid transit by private contract or public proprietorship is purely practical. It does not necessarily involve any discussion of political theories, but is, in fact, determinable by simple business considerations.

Such enterprises do not involve any departure from the usual functions of municipal government. It is merely performing old duties in new and better ways; arguments for state socialism have no place here and no bearing on the issue. We are face to face with a practical question affecting the public good which goes no deeper than the use of new means and methods to accomplish old and well-recognized objects of government.

Municipal Profits. Recent municipal reformers have made a strong stand in favor of compensation to cities for public franchises granted by them. It has been pointed out that the people have been giving away privileges of enormous value and receiving no return therefor. It has been insisted that public franchises should be sold at auction to the bidder who would pay most into the public treasury for the privilege. This view has been supported by eminent authority, and has been received with general favor. It is incontestably a great advance over the giving of valuable franchises without compensation. It is taken for granted that those public officials who many years ago gave away franchises for street railroads, gas-works, and similar undertakings without compensation to the public treasury, were either knaves or fools. It is said that they either fraudulently parted with public property or were ignorant of the value of their gifts. These considerations have greatly strengthened the cause of municipal proprietorship in England. There great cities eagerly undertook these public works on their own account in order not only that they might retain control of public service instead of abandoning it to private contractors, but also for the definite purpose of earning money for the city treasury, and lightening the load of taxation. Naturally, taxpayers are pleased with any measure which will lessen their taxes. Inasmuch as the great cities of England and Scotland have only a restricted suffrage, in which, by means of plural voting and otherwise, property-holders have a preponderant influence, we understand why they are so far in advance of America in respect to municipal proprietorship and municipal profits.

Let us examine how a system of municipal profit works. It is immaterial whether profits are derived from royalties

or from municipal operation. If one-fourth of a city's revenues is derived as profits from quasi-public enterprises, everyone's taxes, it is urged, are proportionally reduced. Of revenues derived as profits from quasi-public enterprises, everybody shares one with another exactly alike. If taxes are reduced one-fourth, then a capitalist who pays \$10,000 a year into the city treasury saves \$2,500. His neighbor, having only moderate wealth, pays \$1,000 taxes and saves only \$250. Another citizen, whose taxes are \$10 a year, saves only \$2.50. A majority of citizens gain nothing at all from municipal profits, because they pay no taxes. This is the result which many reformers desire, but their position is one of hopeless inconsistency. With one breath they declare that these public franchises belong to the whole people equally, and ought not to be given away, but should be parted with only on just compensation being paid to the original owners of the right, namely the whole people. To the first proposition everybody agrees. Undoubtedly the ownership of these rights is originally in the whole people equally. No citizen has any greater right in the streets than any other citizen. But the system of municipal profits does not render compensation to all the people equally. It makes compensation for public franchises payable to taxpayers; and not equally to them, but ratably in proportion to their wealth, the richest deriving the most benefit, and the poorest deriving the least. The injustice of this revenue is double, because not only are its benefits distributed unequally, but it is paid equally by all people, irrespective of their property or income. The street-car fare of a common laborer, living at a distance from his work, will be as large or larger than that of the wealthiest citizen. Clerks, stenographers, workingmen, indeed the vast mass of industrious and moderately paid workers, feel the pressure of street-car fare and gas and water bills much more than their well-to-do neighbors. If such charges are made large enough to enable taxpayers of a city to benefit by municipal revenue and profits, there is not even the justice of an income tax, which at least is proportioned to the earnings of each worker. Advantageous as the scheme of municipal profit looks, as compared with old methods of private profits, the whole thing

is, nevertheless, intolerably unjust and cannot stand the test of candid discussion. If gas- and water-works and street railways are to be operated for profit, it is fairly questionable whether such an end may not be attained equally well by royalty contracts with private corporations as by municipal ownership and operation. But if we go to the root of the whole matter, these enterprises ought not to be operated for profit, therefore they ought to be owned and conducted by the municipality itself.

There is another consideration which weakens the argument for municipal profits. Such a fund, raised unjustly from the whole people equally, will, it is claimed, benefit taxpayers. But will it? Public moneys raised in this way are not likely to be expended with judicious economy. Nothing operates to secure public economy like the fear of increasing tax rates. The direct pressure of taxes upon the people will alone make them vigilant. A public fund to which each one makes indirect and imperceptible contributions is not likely to give anyone great concern, and will likely be spent in foolish and wasteful ways. If such is the case, the only benefit ever claimed from a system of municipal profits will have disappeared, leaving only a burden which bears hardest upon those who are least able to carry it, and most lightly upon those who do not feel it.

When a city government grants a franchise or engages in an enterprise for the sake of municipal profit, then indeed has government assumed radically new functions. It is no longer a mere instrumentality for preserving and promoting the welfare and safety of its citizens. It has a new and entirely different sphere of action. Its object is pecuniary gain, the same as any private individual. It has indeed entered the domain of individual effort and enterprise and assumed those very functions. But if a municipality enters upon these undertakings, not for gain, but solely in the exercise of public functions for the public welfare, it has not departed from its true sphere of action or infringed upon the domain of individual effort.

Since a municipality is charged with a public duty in respect to light, water, and transportation, is it a fulfilment of

that duty to turn the whole matter over to private concerns for long periods of years? Is not this an abandonment of true governmental functions? If a jail or sewer is to be built or a new street pavement to be laid, such undertakings may usually be accomplished best by private contract, but these are not continuing enterprises. When a jail is built there is no further administrative duty to be performed in respect to its construction. But the matters of light, water, and transportation require constant adaptation and change to meet the varying wants of the public. No contract can be made now which will certainly provide for all public necessities a few years hence. A city, when it has once tied its hands by contract, is often powerless in the presence of great public evils. Every contract with private companies in respect to these subjects cuts off from the city just that much of its power to perform its public duties. In this way our city governments keep trimming away their own powers, surrendering one function here and another there to private hands. Unable to recover these lost powers, public welfare may suffer, no matter what the exigency.

Municipal Administration. The great advantages to the people, particularly to those of small income, likely to accrue from the municipal operation of street railways, gas, electric-light, and water-works at cost, depend at last upon efficiency and honesty of administration. Many friends of this reform fear that municipal administration would break down at this point. Every successful business man knows that there must be a constant study of the expense account, rigid economy and scrupulous honesty in the management of these large enterprises. Useless employees must not be tolerated upon the payroll; able-bodied men must do a full day's work for a full day's pay. Rigorous discipline, prompt discharge for serious offences, tireless vigilance in preventing waste, sloth, and dishonesty are essential to a successful conduct of the business. If it is not so managed, the cost of operation will immediately increase. Conservative persons, having the public interest at heart, often believe that, if a city undertakes these enterprises they will be conducted so expensively that the people will pay as much for these public services as they do now. To this

may be answered, that if such a thing took place the people would be no worse off than they are now. Yet it is inconceivable that public administration could be so wasteful and dishonest as to absorb in expense the large profits which accrue to private owners.

These undertakings involve serious practical questions. In the condition of American politics, it may be anticipated that labor employed in these public undertakings would affiliate with organized labor in general. Questions of wages are likely to arise. If such undertakings were in the hands of public officials, would they have the courage to refuse an unjust advance in wages when demanded by the voters of their own city? If an employee who happens to be an influential local politician is guilty of dishonesty, drunkenness, or some serious breach of discipline, would public officers promptly discharge him, or would politic considerations prevail in his favor? The whole question of municipal management rests on these vital points. No experienced man can doubt that the entire organization of a great property will swiftly deteriorate into inefficiency and corruption unless vigilance and firmness characterize its administration.

The problem is primarily one for the legislature. These great enterprises ought not to be undertaken by our cities in the absence of most complete and carefully prepared statutes governing the administration of such properties. The manager must be an expert who retains his office in spite of changing politics. In well-governed cities the fire chief is not changed at each election. Each administration feels that the eye of the public is watchful of fire service, and a competent fire chief is too much valued to be lightly removed. Such would necessarily be the case with managers of municipal street railroads and similar enterprises. All employees should be protected by carefully framed civil-service rules, calculated to exclude political consideration from questions of employment and discharge. Purchase of supplies, payment of damage claims and every kind of expense should be in the hands of appropriate departments governed by most precise statutory regulations. All expenses should be published each year in

detail, in such form as to enable the public to understand readily how the money has been spent.

But the great safeguard in these public undertakings would be the fact that they are operated at cost, and that the public is to feel directly any increase or decrease of expense by an increase or decrease of rates. Every citizen would understand a change either way of a half cent in street-car fare. An administration could not hide inefficiency from the people, nor could merit fail of recognition. On the other hand, if such properties are operated for profit the public will not directly feel the effects of good or bad management, and failure might reasonably be feared.

The matter of raising or lowering wages and charges to the public ought not to be left without control; these subjects should be governed by stringent statutory provisions. Prices to the public should be high enough to pay ordinary operating expenses and interest on the investment. There should also be a fund for extraordinary renewals, replacements, betterments, and enlargements of plant. In the case of extension of gas, water, or street-railway lines to new districts, the original cost might be assessed to owners of real estate who are thereby benefited. After these expenses are provided for, if at the end of a fiscal year it appears that there has been gained a specified profit after charging off all expenses actual and contingent, the management should be required by law to make a reduction in prices to the public and an increase in wages to employees for the ensuing year. Or if, on the other hand, the operation in any fiscal year discloses a loss, the management should be required by law to raise prices and reduce wages for the ensuing year. The concrete results of any management would thus be brought home to every citizen. Under such a law no property in an average American city could be badly managed, or, at least, only for a very short time. Such a scheme would also obviate conflicts with employees by making them participate in the good or bad management of the property. Possibly there are better plans for the legal regulation of such undertakings. Any city might readily organize a commission composed in part of experienced business men and in part of skilful lawyers, who could construct a wise statute governing

the particular subject in hand. If such an experiment, properly safeguarded in law, cannot succeed, then popular government itself will not prove more fortunate.

Municipal proprietorship of these quasi-public businesses would reduce the actual living expenses of every family in the city. It would lighten the burden of the masses of moderately paid workers, whose interests government should scrupulously conserve. It would increase the attractiveness of living and make such a city more inviting as a place of residence. There would be an insensible but real accumulation of means by every member of the community. Such an increase in community wealth is more beneficial than the accumulation of the same aggregate amount in the hands of a few persons. Thus, a saving of only five dollars a year by each person in a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, amounts to one million dollars. Such a distributed saving is vastly better than the accumulation of the same amount in the hands of a few capitalists.

Change from Private to Public Proprietorship. The best time for a city to enter upon this reform is usually the time of expiration of existing grants. In such case a municipality acquiring existing properties, either by agreement or by condemnation, would not be obliged to pay for any franchise value. The power of eminent domain is, however, broad enough, under a suitable legislative act, to reach even existing franchises. Whether a city should attempt in this way to buy back what it parted with is always a question local in its character.

In some instances a barrier to municipal proprietorship is to be found in constitutional limitations of municipal debt. To purchase or construct street railways or gas- or water-works requires a large amount of capital, which must be raised by the sale of bonds. If such bonds can be issued directly by the city, a great saving will be effected by reason of the lower rate of interest necessary to be paid. In some cases it might only be necessary for a city to condemn the equity of redemption of a property subject to existing mortgages, thereby reducing the municipal investment. A somewhat different method, avoiding all direct obligation on the part of a city,

would be the creation by the legislature of one or more auxiliary corporations, with all their capital stock owned by the city. The powers of such an auxiliary corporation would relate to the ownership and operation of one or more of these local enterprises. It might have officers quite independent of the city government, or the mayor and other city officials might be, *ex officio*, its officers. The debt of such an auxiliary corporation would not form any part of the city debt. It would represent the actual investment, and would gradually disappear by means of a sinking fund raised from the operation of the properties.

Whether this or some other plan is prepared in any case by practical business men and able lawyers, it is enough to say that no legal obstacle exists to these municipal undertakings which might not be obviated by suitable legislation. The chief danger of failure in such experiments lies in undertaking them without carefully framed laws for their government. Unless there are requisite legal safeguards, municipal proprietorship would likely prove an economic failure, and would thus discredit the people's cause.

JAMES G. CLARK, THE AMERICAN LAUREATE OF LABOR.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

O! blessings on him for the songs he sang!
When all the stars of happy thought had set
In many a mind, his spirit walked the gloom
Clothed on with beauty, as the regal Moon
Walks her night-kingdom, turning clouds to light.
Our Champion! with his heart too big to beat
In bonds,—our Poet in his pride of power!

THESE words, penned by Gerald Massey when the immortal author of the "Song of the Shirt" passed from view, are equally appropriate for our brave champion of humanity who has recently left us.

James G. Clark was in a true sense a prophet of freedom and an apostle of progress. At an early age he sang songs of the home, and the nation heard him gladly. His popularity was so great that as a song-writer he might easily have won enduring fame and worldly fortune from an easy-going conventionalism. But with Thomas Wentworth Higginson he could say:

At early manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more."

The voice of divine duty called to him to sing the song of the burdened ones. No longer must he divert attention from crying wrongs or lull to sleep a popular sense too prone to close its eyes and ears to the supplications of those crushed ones who are robbed of the birthright to which all children of earth are justly entitled. No, he must take his stand with the minority. He must plead for the exiles of society. Perhaps no man understood better than did Mr. Clark that to fly in the face of public opinion was to sacrifice to a great extent the rising popularity which meant honor and ease. But between popularity and right the high-born soul does not hesitate.

To me nothing illustrates the essential divinity imperaled in humanity more than the lives of the apostles of progress

and prophets of truth. They know full well that the calumny of the powerful, even if no other persecution comes from enthroned injustice, is to be expected; that, if from the vantage-ground of popularity they ascend high enough to dare to stoop to aid those who have fallen under the wheel, the crust of poverty, if not the "martyr's robe of flame," will be theirs. They see fame, honor, and riches awaiting them if they will sing a siren song in behalf of entrenched wrongs. And yet, with history and contemporaneous examples before them, with the full knowledge of what the choice means for each, these loyal sons of God deliberately range themselves on the side of the oppressed and wronged, choosing to suffer slander and misrepresentation, poverty and, perchance, persecution in the cause of justice and right, in preference to all the world can give for a silenced or a purchased voice.

The august and compelling power of justice and duty over noble natures was signally illustrated in the life of Mr. Clark. But there is something infinitely sad and tragic in the spectacle of this apostle of progress being weighed down in the closing months of his career by a sense of dependence, owing to having freely given all life's richest gifts to the cause of the people, who in turn forgot to properly look after their silvery-haired poet and prophet, though his works had inspired tens of thousands of hearts with new hope and courage, though he had

Poured his heart in music for the Poor,
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,
And grope through darkness for the hand of Help.

I would not have it inferred that our revered leader was denied the loving care of the devoted relatives with whom he spent his closing days, for that would be the opposite of the truth. He was most tenderly cared for, but he was denied the independence which he had so richly earned, and which to a sensitive nature is what oxygen is to the lungs.

Mr. Clark's literary life was divided into two distinct divisions. The first epoch was that of a lyric poet and popular song-writer; the second was characterized chiefly by poems of reform and songs of freedom and justice. This is a reversal of the usual order. Instead of the enthusiast, the exultant

prophet, and the aggressive reformer in manhood's dawn, and the saddened and conservative singer of lays pitched in a minor key or songs with an undercurrent of disappointment, verses breathing doubt if not despair, we find the apostle of freedom growing more and more exultant as the silver light of the eternal morning glorifies his brow.

Whittier was early an aggressive reformer. His verses made a more profound impression on the people of the Eastern States than did the stirring songs of Mr. Clark upon the great Western audiences which were thrilled by the poet, composer, and singer in the early sixties. But when the great cause of Abolition was won, the Quaker poet became first and chiefly the singer of pleasing lays. Mr. Lowell, who, in the great conflict against slavery, probably wrought more than any other American poet for freedom, with the close of the struggle also ceased to be the standard-bearer of progress, and was no longer the aggressive champion of the oppressed. Indeed, the splendid faith which made his morning days so glorious gave place to a quiet contemplation which at times expressed itself in verses which are among the most pessimistic in our language, as for example in his musing on our degenerate days. And Tennyson, the young man, thrilled humanity with a new hope in "Locksley Hall," only to follow it with the chilling and soul-benumbing influence of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." These poets illustrate the rule in life. As age creeps on men become conservative and pessimistic. Only the elect leaders of justice and progress grow younger in spirit and more buoyant as the winter of life approaches.

Mr. Clark's most vigorous and profoundly inspiring verses were written after his brow had whitened with more than sixty winters. And what is more, his life had been filled with uncertainty. For him life had been a battle. What would have discouraged or soured most men seemed only to nerve him to new effort to bring about such fundamentally just conditions as would make it possible for all earth's children to enjoy life. He never seemed to dream of working for himself except as he worked for others, and the farther he advanced in life the more deeply he felt the solemn responsibility placed upon him by the Infinite to work for all. Indeed, the creed

of his life, in so far as it pertained to the life which now is, was well summed up in the following sentiment expressed in a poem written by him a few years ago:

All for one, and one for all
With an endless song and sweep,
So the billows rise and fall
On the bosom of the deep.

* * * * *
And one human brotherhood
Pulsing through a thousand lands
Reaches for one common good
With its million, million hands.

The work of Mr. Clark's first period commenced when he was a very young man. Indeed, he was already fairly launched in popular favor when he reached his majority. He composed words and music, and also sang most acceptably to the public. His "Old Mountain Tree" was immensely popular, and his "Marion Moore" was long a reigning favorite in Boston and other Eastern cities. Other songs, such as "Meet Me at the Running Brook" and "The Rover's Grave," enjoyed the favor of song lovers. At the request of his mother, for whom he ever cherished the deepest love, he composed "The Ever-Green Mountain of Life," a song which in church, home, and school has been sung for nearly forty years, and whose popularity has in no way diminished.

In later years the poet's religious sentiments deepened and broadened. Heaven became more near, more real and tangible than when he had sung:

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gales of its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the desert of this.

As the poet neared the bounds of life he felt that heaven was all around him. In common with many of the leading scholars and scientists of our century, Mr. Clark became thoroughly convinced of the truths which modern spiritualism claims to demonstrate. He believed that guardian angels attend the steps of all. He felt within himself that the grave was a doorway to a life of endless advance and progress, that a tender and compassionate God ruled over all, and that

in spite of all the perplexities and bitterness of life the banner over humanity was love. This great faith gave courage and buoyancy to his soul as age stole upon him. The materialism which, like creeping paralysis, is benumbing the vital energies of so many minds richly endowed by nature, had no influence upon him. His admiration for the great Prophet of Galilee, whose life he ever strove to imitate, was beautifully set forth in the following stanzas:

Sweet prophet of Nazareth, constant and tender,
Whose truth like a rainbow encircles the world;
The time is approaching when wrong shall surrender,
And war's crimson banners forever be furled;
When the throat of the lion no longer shall utter
Its roar of defiance in desert and glen,
When the lands will join hands, and the black cannon mutter
Their discords no more to the children of men.

As breaks the gold sunlight, when heroes and sages
Were rising and falling like meteors in space,
A new glory broke on the gloom of the ages,
And love warmed to life in the glow of thy face;
The wars of the Old Time are waning and failing,
The peace of the New Time o'erarches our tears;
The orbs of the Old Time are fading and paling,
The sun of the New Time is gilding the years.

The mist of the ocean, the spray of the fountain,
The vine on the hillside, the moss on the shrine,
The rose in the valley, the pine on the mountain,
All turn to a glory that symboeth thine;
So I yearn for thy love as the purest and dearest
That ever uplifted a spirit from woe,
And I turn to thy life as the truest and nearest
To Infinite Goodness that mortals may know.

O Soul of the Orient, peerless and holy,
Enthroned in a splendor all angels above,
I would join with the singers that raise up the lowly,
And praise Thee in deeds that are Christlike in love.
Let my words be as showers that fall on the highlands,
Begotten in shadows, expiring in light,
While Thine are the billows that sing to life's islands
In numbers unbroken, by noonday and night.

At the time when the cloud of civil war was looming up big and dark along our political horizon, and the passions and hopes of a great nation were rendering life oppressive and making suspense terrible for sensitive natures, the young poet

was summoned to the deathbed of his mother. While listening to her loving admonitions there came to him the words of his most beautiful lyric, "Leona." This poem was published in the New York *Home Journal*, then under the able editorial management of N. P. Willis and George Morris, and was more widely copied than any other poem published by that periodical. The following stanzas will give the reader a fair idea of the verses, which, though sad with the sorrow of parting, were rendered sweet by the presence of a faith which lights man's pathway in its darkest hours:

Leona, the hour draws nigh—
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break through its spirit and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the River of Death.

• • • • •
We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That death is but action begun;
In the strength of this hope I have struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold:
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh, come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom,
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

This brings us to the close of the work of his first period. His mother died, and his deepest emotions were moved as they had never been stirred before, while all around him the cause of the union of the States and the issue of slavery were being discussed. Life at this time appeared more stern than heretofore. He felt as he had never felt the personal responsibility which devolved upon him. Great issues involving the happiness of millions were up for settlement. He was no longer justified in remaining the "idle singer of an empty day." Nay more; even poems which at certain times would have been appropriate must now give place to the great cause which he felt demanded his best work.

He composed songs which he set to music and sang to vast multitudes in Northern towns. His "Freedom's Battle Hymn" was second only in popularity to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." In the interest of the Sanitary Commission and the Soldier's Aid Society he visited city after city electrifying the people as stirring song and music only can arouse and enthuse the awakened imagination. He became a very real factor in the cause of the Union, and his war poems ceased to be on the lips of the multitude only after the flags were furled.

The story of one of his poems composed at this period has a melancholy interest, in that it was prophetic. Among those who had learned to love the poet of the people was a young lady by the name of Minton, whose lover had gone to the front. Mr. Clark was greatly drawn to this young girl, whose wistful eyes told of the ever-present fear which was making her days one long period of indescribable suspense. One night, long after the poet had left the home of the Mintons, when travelling by rail, he was roused from a reverie by a sudden and powerful impulse to write some verses. He obeyed the impulse, scratching his poem under the faint light of lamps turned low and with the motion of the train rendering his writing almost illegible. The verses came to the poet

almost without mental volition, and after their completion he was startled by what he had written, for the lines were in the nature of a message from the soldier lover to his betrothed. He was represented as dying on the battlefield, where he had been shot. A year later the young soldier was shot fatally on the field.

The war closed, but the poet had come to understand that the human caravan could not rest; that civilization must advance or retrograde. A higher vantage-ground revealed nobler heights to be attained which had not been visible on the lower eminence. He refused to rest on the greensward by the wayside or to become a dreamer. For him new occasions taught new duties. He beheld the misery of the millions who to him were brothers and sisters. He felt that God had given to him a voice with which to speak for the voiceless and burdened ones. He became the prophet, champion, and friend of the toilers, throwing into their cause the same poetic fervor that had inspired Gerald Massey and Charles Mackay during the Corn Law agitation, and William Morris in behalf of the burdened wage-earners during the later years of his life. Throughout the past two decades Mr. Clark has written more really excellent poems of progress and songs of the people than any other poet in America since the war of the rebellion.* The following stanzas entitled "Freedom's Reveille" are a fair example of Mr. Clark's poems of the present:

The time has passed for idle rest:
 Columbia, from your slumber rise!
 Replace the shield upon your breast,
 And cast the veil from off your eyes,
 And view your torn and stricken fold,
 By prowling wolves made desolate,
 Your honor sold for alien gold
 By traitors in your Halls of State.

Our mothers wring their fettered hands;
 Our sires fall fainting by the way;
 The lion robs them of their lands,
 The eagle guards them to betray;
 Shall they who kill through craft and greed
 Receive a brand less black than Cain's?
 Shall paid procurers of the deed
 Still revel in their Judas gains?

*The best of these poems were written expressly for THE ARENA, and appeared from time to time in that magazine.

O daughter of that matchless sire,
 Whose valor made your name sublime,
 Whose spirit, like a living fire,
 Lights up the battlements of Time,—
 The world's sad heart, with pleading moan,
 Breaks at your feet—as breaks the main
 In ceaseless prayer from zone to zone—
 And shall it plead and break in vain?

Fling off that golden garb of lace
 That knaves have spun to mask your form,
 And let the lightning from your face
 Gleam out upon the gathering storm—
 That awful face whose silent look
 Swept o'er the ancient thrones of kings,
 And like the bolts of Sinai shook
 The base of old established things.

The promise of an age to be
 Has touched with gold the mountain mist,
 Its white fleets plough the morning sea,
 Its flags the morning star has kissed.
 But still the martyred ones of yore—
 By tyrants to the scaffold led—
 Transfigured now, forevermore
 Gaze backward from the ages dead,

And ask: "How long, O Lord! how long
 Shall creeds conceal God's human side,
 And Christ the God be crowned in song
 While Christ the man is crucified?
 How long shall Mammon's tongue of fraud
 At Freedom's prophets wag in sport,
 While chartered murder stalks abroad,
 Approved by Senate, Church, and Court?"

The strife shall not forever last
 'Twixt cunning wrong and passive truth—
 The blighting demon of the Past,
 Chained to the beauteous form of Youth;
 The Truth shall rise, its bonds shall break,
 Its day with cloudless glory burn.
 The Right with Might from slumber wake,
 And the dead wrong to dust return.

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;
 The young day looks through bars of blood;
 The air throbs with the breath of Him
 Whose pulse was in the Red-Sea flood;
 And flanked by mountains, right and left,
 The People stand—a doubting horde;

Before them heave the tides uncleft,
Behind them flashes Pharaoh's sword.

But lo! the living God controls,
And marks the bounds of slavery's night,
And speaks through all the dauntless souls
That live or perish for the right;
His face shall light the People still,
His Hand shall cut the sea in twain,
And sky and wave and mountain thrill
To Miriam's triumphant strain.

Here is another. It is the stern voice of the prophet, the voice of Divine Justice warning a slothful and self-absorbed civilization, even as the Galilean warned Dives nearly two thousand years ago:

Cypod

I have come, and the world shall be shaken
Like a reed at the touch of my rod.
And the kingdoms of Time shall awaken
To the voice and the summons of God;
No more through the din of the ages
Shall warnings and chidings divine,
From the lips of my prophets and sages,
Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;
Ye have kept back from labor its meed;
Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,
When they plead at your feet in their need;
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,
And the multitudes prayed to be fed,
Ye have answered with prisons or powder
The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,
And the mocking of steeples and domes,
To join in the long, weary marches
Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;
I share in the sorrows and crosses
Of the naked, the hungry, and cold,
And dearer to me are their losses
Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler;
I will laugh at your dungeons and locks;
The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,
And your judges eat grass like the ox;
For the prayers of the poor have ascended
To be written in lightnings on high,
And the wails of your captives have blended
With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered,
 And the prisoner and serf shall go free;
 I will harvest from seed that I scattered
 On the borders of blue Galilee;
 For I come not alone and a stranger—
 Lo! my reapers shall sing through the night
 Till the star that stood over the manger
 Shall cover the world with its light.

He felt the struggles and hardships of the poor as keenly as those who suffered most, and he viewed with profound sorrow millions of people being systematically, year by year, robbed of all they make above a scanty living by railroad corporations, usurers, and others who through special privileges are enabled to keep the breadwinners in a position of dependence, and thereby swell the inflated wealth of the few who are already immensely rich. The sadness he experienced at this carnival of law-sanctioned crime, this perpetual tragedy of the common life, was expressed in these lines:

I cannot join the old-time friends
 In their merry games and sports
 While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
 To the Judge of the upper courts;
 And I cannot sing the glad, free songs
 That the world around me sings,
 While my fellows move in cringing throngs
 At the beck of the gilded kings.
 The scales hang low from the open skies—
 That have weighed them, one and all—
 And the fiery letters gleam and rise
 O'er the feast in the palace hall,
 But my lighter lays shall slumber on
 The boughs of the willow tree
 Till the king is slain in Babylon,
 And the captive hosts go free.

Here is a noble creation of Mr. Clark's maturer years, a recognition of the mother principle in life, something which I think no poet has before touched upon:

I am mother of Life and companion of God,
 I move in each mote from the suns to the sod,
 I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
 I fathom all depth and I crown every height;
 Within me the globes of the universe roll,
 And through me all matter takes impress and soul.
 Without me all forms into chaos would fall,
 I was under, within, and around, over all,

Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

I loved you, O Earth, in those cycles profound,
When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind;
I nursed you, O Earth, ere your oceans were born,
Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom,
And all that appeared of your form or your face,
Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms,
I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms,
I sang o'er your pillow the song of the spheres
Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast
As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
And kissed you with cloudlets and rainbow and flower
Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
In garments of purple, of gold, and of green,
From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair,
And the scent of your lilies made fragrant the air,
And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
As you waltzed in the light of his warm yellow hair
Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
Or slept 'neath the gaze of the passionless moons;
And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown
Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
And held you secure in your young mother-days
And sang to your offspring their lullaby lays,
While races and nations came forth from your breast,
Lived, struggled, and died, and returned there to rest.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws;
I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
Combine them for effort, disperse them in death;
No form is too great or minute for my care,
No place so remote but my presence is there.
I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
From the centre of suns to the flowers of the sod
I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,

The ladder of action all spirit must climb
To the clear heights of Love from the lowlands of Time.

'Tis mine to protect you, fair bride of the sun,
Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done;
Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay;
Till the soft golden locks on your lover turn gray
And palsy shall fall on the pulses of Day;
Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
And your forms are absorbed in my currents again;
But your sons and your daughters, unconquered by strife,
Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life,
While the fierce glowing splendor of suns cease to burn,
And bright constellations to vapor return,
And new ones that rise from the graves of the old,
Shine, fade, and dissolve like a tale that is told.

The closing years of the life of our people's poet were crowded with work. His pen and voice were ever busy. The great cause in which he was serving engrossed his thought. His remaining days were few, but the work to be done was great. Hence at a time of life when most men, even the most valiant souls, sink by the wayside to rest, he pressed forward to the front, sending forth message after message of cheer for the burdened ones, while with the courage of an old-time prophet he cried out against oppression and injustice. In the midst of his splendid work he was stricken down. That was last spring, and though his life was often despaired of he lingered until the seventeenth of September, when his serene soul passed onward.

Before his death he received many bright visions of his loved ones who had preceded him, and who were waiting to welcome him into the morning land; and at times the veil was lifted and he caught glimpses of the beauty of the home of the soul about which he had so beautifully sung.

The life of Mr. Clark, like his work, was an inspiration to all who knew him. He loved the world. He was one of those deeply spiritual natures whose very companionship was ennobling. His life was pure, temperate, earnest, and sincere. He was one of nature's noblemen—a prophet, a poet, a man. A high-born soul has passed to its royal heritage. The following tribute was paid to him by Mr. A. P. Miller, the author of "Consolation" and other poems, and his life-long friend:

No more the hills and fields he loved
With him shall smile, with him be sad;
No more the friends with whom he moved
Shall smile to greet him and be glad.

We, who live on beneath the skies,
Must wait and walk without him now,
Nor see, above his manly eyes,
God's signet on his royal brow.

"They do not need him there," we say,
Who feel his worth since he is gone,
"For heaven is made of such as he,
While here and there the earth has one."

But in the realms beyond the sun
His peers desired him face to face,
And prayed that, if his work were done,
He might be with them in his place.

So, bound with us, he wrought until
The Angel freed the fettered limb;
The heavens had some high place to fill
With long-tried Truth, and sent for him.

Softly his breath went as the sigh
Of south winds from some Isle of Rest;
Calmly he died, as stars that die,
Behind the gray hills in the west.

Like some great ship through life he bore,
Conveying love and human weal,
While every bark along the shore
Felt the wide impulse of his keel.

Brave heart, high mind, and noble soul,
Farewell! until we come to thee!
Rich was thy journey to the goal,
And great thy bliss and state shall be!

QUESTIONINGS FROM THE PEWS.

BY BENJAMIN F. BURNHAM.

I.

ON the rear edge of one of the throngs in a recent series of revivalist meetings in Boston stood a foreigner with an expression of perplexity. At the conclusion of the rapid speaker's discourse, he asked me:

"What means one word exclaimed so often to mine ear seeming 'donchenozat'?"

On being answered that it was the interrogatory phrase, "Don't you know that?" he replied:

"Ah! I see; eet ees a mere transitional expedient in extemporization. But one eez tempted to answer back: 'Mistare Preacher, do you not yourself know zat you are ignoring a great many facts of science and history?'"

I responded that this was precisely my own besetting impulse.

For instance, to question back: Dontyuno that Dr. Lyman Abbott and all the honest scholarly divines, both Protestant and Catholic, now concede and aver that the Bible is to be studied as any other literature,—as any other volume of miscellaneous writings made by various authors in different ages of the world, and that these same divines aver that inerrancy is not properly predicable thereof?* Dontyuno of "orthodox" Dr. Herrick's recent well-published utterance?†

Everywhere the cart was before the horse. . . . "The Bible is an inspired book; therefore it must be accepted and believed from end to end." Not so. But the Bible is crowded with truth that finds man in the deepest recesses of his nature, that satisfies his reason, and confirms

*See article, "The Scripture-Errancy Conflict," in *THE ARENA* for April, 1897, p. 776.

†"Memorabilia of Twenty-Five Years. A Sermon preached in Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, upon the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of his Settlement, by S. E. Herrick, D. D., April 12, 1896, with some Account of the Celebration," p. 29.

his conscience, and speaks to his despair, and makes him like God if he will heed it; therefore it has been given by inspiration from God.

Now if a man's position is changed in relation to a single great fundamental religious belief, the change inevitably affects the parallax and proportions of all his beliefs. To use a familiar figure, it is like the change from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican system of astronomy, which affected the whole conception of the universe. And so while an entire new circle of natural and physical sciences has been coming in to displace the old, there has been coming in also, and for the same reason, a new circle of philosophical and moral and theological sciences. The movement has been inevitable and resistless.

Dontyunothat Dr. Andrew D. White (ex-president of Cornell University, now again ambassador to Germany), in his "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," has shown that, from the Assyrian researches as well as from other sources, it has come to be acknowledged by the most eminent scholars at the leading seats of Christian learning that the accounts of creation with which for nearly two thousand years all scientific discoveries have had to be "reconciled"—the accounts which blocked the way of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and Laplace—were simply transcribed or evolved from a mass of myths and legends largely derived by the Hebrews from their ancient relations with Chaldea, rewrought in a monotheistic sense, imperfectly welded together, and then thrown into poetic form in the sacred books which we have inherited? Dontyunothat, as to creation and evolution, Darwin's theory of natural selection is now adopted by leading universities (including the Catholic University at Washington), and conceded in sermons of high ecclesiastics in England, and in Professor Drummond's Chautauqua lectures in 1893?

Dontyunothat St. Augustine antagonized scripture to the theory of the sphericity of the earth (finally established by Magellan's circumnavigation in 1519-1522), that the hierarchy gained an ephemeral victory over Galileo, but that after a weary struggle the heliocentric theory triumphed over the geocentric? The battle between geology and theology, the clamor against Buckner and Lyell, Gladstone's scheme of compromise and its demolition by Huxley, and the final concession led by Dean Stanley,—dontyunothat?

One speculates curiously as to how far the assertive, positive

style of the evangelist will be modified when he shall have read Dr. White's chapter on prehistoric archæology, and studied the dogma of the fall of man in the light of anthropology, ethnology, and history. Can it be that he is ignorant of the overthrow of Archbishop Usher's chronology by discoveries in Egypt and Assyria? Has he viewed in the light of meteorology the dogma of "the Prince of the Power of the Air" stirring up storms? Does he recognize the triumph of chemistry and physics over the dogmas of magic, diabolical agency, and pious charms? Has he not studied the history of the opposition to vaccination and anæsthetics, and observed the progress of medical discoveries, gradually taking from theology what was formerly its strongest province, and sweeping away that belief in miracles which for more than twenty centuries was the stumbling-block in the pathway of medicine, and in so doing clearing higher paths, not only for science, but for religion?

How will it modify his utterances concerning Providence answering prayer (as though the benefit of prayer were objective and not wholly subjective) for him to read Dr. White's chapter, "From Fetich to Hygiene," relating the history of the triumph of sanitary science over the old theological view of epidemics, witchcraft, and exorcism? Will he not justify the amendment of the Book of Common Prayer, the refusal of Lord Palmerston to grant the petition of the Scotch clergy to appoint a fast-day to ward off the cholera, and the answer of a Philadelphia divine in 1893 to the bishop's call for special prayer for the like object, that "while the streets remained filthy such supplication would be blasphemous"?

In perusing Dr. White's chapter entitled "From Diabolism to Hysteria," will his glad smile on observing that "the thoughtful physician and the devoted clergyman are now constantly seen working together," change to a frown on reading further that "it is not too much to expect that Satan, having been cast out of the insane asylums, will ere long disappear from monasteries and camp-meetings, even in the most unenlightened regions of Christendom?" Which horn of Huxley's dilemma will he take concerning the legend of the transfer of certain "devils" into swine, causing them to plunge down the Gadarene precipice—that Jesus believed in demoniacal posses-

sion, or that the redactors are unreliable?* Will he take cognizance of the scientific view of the Dead-Sea legends, the origin of the legend of the tower of Babel, and, in the light of comparative philology, the gradual disappearance of the old theories regarding the origin of speech and writing?

Has he ever read Rousseau's "Emilius; or a Treatise of Education"?† If so, which horn of the Savoyard vicar's dilemma does he accept? Conceding to be wholly inadvertent his rather proletarian representation, "Agnostics 'll tell ye," etc., what will he reply to Mrs. Mary A. Ward's answer:

Men like Harnack and Hausrath have no quarrel with Christian testimony; they have merely learnt not to ask of it more than it can give. They have come to recognize that it was conditioned by certain necessities of culture, certain laws of thought, that in a time which had no conception of history or of accurate historical reporting in our sense,—a time which produced the allegorical interpretations of Alexandria, the Rabbinical interpretations of St. Paul and the Gospels, the historical method of Josephus, the superstitions of Justin and Papias, the childish criticism and information of Irenæus, and the mass of pseudepigraphic literature meeting us at every turn before, in, and after the New Testament,—it is useless to expect to find a history which is not largely legend, a tradition which is not largely delusion?‡

Will he refrain from applying any *ad-captandum* epithet against her or against her "critical historian" who finds the result "the most natural thing in the world," when they "see the passion of the Messianic hope, or the Parsee conceptions of an unseen world which the course of history had grafted on Judaism, or the Hellenistic speculations with which the Jewish dispersion was everywhere penetrated, or the mere natural love of marvel which every populace possesses, more especially an Eastern populace,"—when they watch these forces "either shaping the consciousness of Jesus, or dictating the forms of belief and legend and dogma in which his followers cast the love and loyalty roused by a great personality"?

Our preacher's well-meant comments on certain social evils are a pretty fair delineation of what Hardy, in a preface to one of his novels, calls "the fret and fever, delirium and disaster that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity." But the prescribed remedies therefor, diversi-

* See "Elsmere Elsewhere," p. 127.

† See translation, Boston Public Library, Appendix to 4405.27, p. 377.

‡ See "Elsmere Elsewhere," Appendix, p. 122.

fied with scripture quotations, tempt us into a train of philosophizing he may not relish.

Education forms the common mind. Proletarian education makes the proletarian mind. Many an advocate of the parochial and of the Sunday school has naïvely confessed that "as the twig is bent, the tree is"—twisted. The disposition to study strictly and the capacity to reason impartially are conceded by all candid observers of our day to be more hampered than helped by childhood prejudices instilled by theological demagogues. The Protestant sees this in certain Catholics in history; the Catholic sees it in certain Protestants. The free-thinking Burns thereupon sings out:

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

As with the old partisan politician who clings to the quadrennial platform, no matter what ridiculous accidents time may have brought to the planking, this type of "inclined" mind in the theologian grows more in evidence with advancing age and its characteristic self-absorption, self-pity, and testy impatience with any frisky inattention and lack of sympathy on the part of the younger world around. Good old patriot Hosea, in his retrospection, perceives a parallel between his own career and the fate of his country; but while with Polonius keenness tracing the trend of the public entanglement, he with Polonius weakness shoulders upon his Jahveh the responsibility of his unfortunate marriage. Sweet old philanthropic John retires to Patmos, pores over the book of Daniel, and in poetic rhapsody arranges into gemmed mosaic the precious associations of "twelve" and "seven;" but alas for the "scarlet" fuel he furnished the Millerites *et id omne genus!*

It is cheering to turn to a bright side of the picture. The evangelist preacher is not so literalistic as a momentary listener might fancy. He occasionally remarks: "We haven't the whole story; Jesus probably explained the matter more fully;" or: "I can imagine one of the bystanders exclaimed, 'Why, how's this?'" This is a concession of our right to reason upon the composition of the sacred books, to apply common sense in interpreting the inadequately reported sayings and doings of our blessed Master.

II.

Come then and let us reason together concerning "evangelistic" prayer, not by appeal to abstract metaphysics or to any Hebraistic traditions or Buddhistic dogmas or Protestant or Papal *ipse dixit*s, but by investigating the question *de novo* in the concrete, by keeping our eyes open upon a few everyday occurrences. Among Christians there are three theories concerning Christ's precepts as to prayer: (1) the supplicational, which looks mainly to an objective benefit; (2) the aspirational, which aims chiefly at a subjective benefit; and (3) the intermediate, which takes for model the combination of the other two found in the Lord's Prayer, and views supplication as only a vehicle and a social aid to aspiration in the culture of Christian character.

(1) The supplicational view is that of all nations in their primitive condition. The Jews prayed seven times a day. In all Mohammedan countries, all men pray at fixed hours. The sacred books of the Hindus and the Parsees are one long liturgy of supplication. In Buddhist countries, the people assemble in the streets of the city at sunset for prayer. The walls of the Egyptian tombs are covered with supplications to Osiris and Amun. In the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, their general in command, Xenophon, before each day's march, offered public prayer to the gods of Olympus.

But among enlightened peoples no one prays that the sun may stand still and lengthen his day, or that his water tank may yield pure wine, or that a fish purchased may hold a coin just large enough to pay his tax, or for the restoration of the dead. But the movements of the clouds seem so irregular that an arbitrary power is associated with them, and some persons yet pray for rain or sunshine. But these become fewer and fewer as meteorology is more and more developed as a science. "That which a man soweth he shall not by prayer escape reaping."*

A writer in the *London Telegraph*, commenting on the mistake of the rector at Rhyl, North Wales, in opening his prayer book at the "Prayer for Rain" and supplicating "rain on the inheritance," when the Primate's circular had invited

*Moncure D. Conway in "Idols and Ideals," p. 65.

prayers for fair weather, commends the simple earnestness of the Orkney minister, who, in his daily admonishings of rough fishermen youth, had unconsciously acquired a petulantly peremptory style of address. The brevity of the Orkney summer precluding the raising of hardly anything except oats ("aits") and barley, the elders had requested him to pray for good harvest weather. He complied as follows: "Lord, gie us braw weather and a wee bit saugh of a breeze that will dree the straw and will nae harm the heads; but if ye blaw us sic a bletherin', rivin', tearin' blast as we hae been ha'in', ye'll play the vera mischief wi' the aits, and fairly spoil a'!"

We may smile, yet we can but sympathize with the colored clergyman from whose standpoint the Governor of the universe seemed at fault in letting the wicked oppressor flourish in luxury, while the poor oppressed ones could have none except what they might procure by stealth from chicken roosts, etc. So when after the assassination of President Lincoln he heard that Booth was hiding in his neighborhood, he prayed: "Lord, cotch him! and when dou hast cotched him, don't be so mercifu' as you are too apt to be—generally speakin'."

Possibly it was the same clergyman who, after losing his little hoard through misplaced confidence in the directors of the Freedmen's Savings Bank, was distressed with the dilemma whether to seek friends among the Democrats, or to resort to the New Testament Babylonish remedy of purifying the Republicans by fire. He prayed: "O Lord, dou knowest dese 'Publican party leaders—how dey done bu'st de Freedmen's Savin's Bank, an' how dey done let our poo' bredren in de Souf be 'timidated by de wicked Democrats, an' de poo' women an' chil'n be 'bused by de Ku-klux an' oder cruel bushwhackin' debbils down da. O-o-oh dese backslidin' 'Publicans! Lord, just take 'em up in de hollow ob dy grea-a-t, go-o-orgifu' han', an' hold 'em over de mouf of hell, an' scorch 'em, an' scorch 'em, an' scorch 'em! But don't let 'em drop in!"

Perhaps this was the same colored partisan who, in the fall of 1896 prayed: "O Lord, we want to keep politics out of our prayer-meetin's; but we can't help askin' dee to keep a

lookout for dat poo' miser'ble sinner, Bryan, who we hear is comin' into dis State [Virginia] han' in han' wid Satan. Don't let him do no harm; and if it aint askin' too much, forgive de sins dat he is commit'n ebery day. But be shu' to knock de stuffin' out ob him next November."

This climax of knock-out recalls little Johnnie's suspension of the rules when he knelt with his younger sister at the bedside, his inverted toes peeping from under his night-gown, and tempting her to tickle his soles. He winced an instant, and then compromised as follows: "Lord, please wait a moment; I've got to stop and knock the stuffin' out of Nellie." Let us hope that Johnnie's blows were not quite so effective as those from the fist of Peter Cartwright upon the rowdies who disturbed his prayer at an Illinois camp-meeting, or as those of Judge Rowntree,* who descended from the bench, knocked down a prisoner that was attacking the sheriff, resumed his seat, and on the ground of "contempt of court," considerably increased the penalty.

Some supplicationists openly avow that their theory is better supported by rhapsody and rhetoric than by reason and logic. They fondly quote pretty sounding aphorisms like that of Tupper: "Prayer is the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence." The following passage from Dr. John Ryland, an English Baptist clergyman, is a good sample of their ultra-traditionalism and their bombastic style of advocacy:

Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of man, and roused and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven.

Preachers of this kind are fond of drawing inferences from coincidences. In his "Wonders of Prayer," H. T. Williams states that upon the death of a cow belonging to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's grandfather, a neighboring missionary society sent

* "Leading in Law and Curious in Court," p. 575.

the loser twenty pounds sterling. Doubtless our colored brother above mentioned considers the result of the late presidential election an answer to his prayer. It is asserted that the Consumptives' Home founded by Dr. Cullis on the site of Grove Hall, Boston, is supported entirely by prayer. On the fact that it has its contribution-boxes in scores of public places, labelled with the name *and policy* of the institution, John W. Chadwick commented: "When a people are wasted by famine, it is not even necessary to *overhear* their prayers for succor; it is sufficient for those who can help them to hear of the fact."*

Concerning the supplicationists, Mr. Chadwick very forcibly adds:

One shattered train, one sinking wreck, offsets all the imaginary interferences that have ever been recorded, and remands them at once and forever to the province of coincidence or overhearing or exaggeration. Of what avail the baby-house suggestion that God, anticipating human prayer, left certain openings in the network of his laws through which he can reach out handfuls of benefits and immunities,—winds out of some Æolian cave, or showers of needed rain, and quiet of the sea or of the heart? Law is an armor so compact that there is not a joint which interfering touch can penetrate. . . . To pray for so much interference as would quell one coming storm, or squeeze one raindrop out of a reluctant cloud, is to pray that the entire history of the universe up to date may be revised, and that God may change the essence of his nature with a view to our imaginary comfort or advantage.†

In short, supplicationalism amounts merely to thaumaturgy. In the case of prayers from diverse minds, Dr. Nehemiah Adams was wont to say that the Holy Spirit would lead each, if sought aright. But his son, Capt. Robert C. Adams, has declared:

Intercourse with numerous Christians, many of whom I was convinced prayed earnestly for the guidance of the Spirit, showed me that the Holy Spirit led each man to different and often opposing views; though one devout and highly educated Christian assured me that no one ever studied the Bible prayerfully without believing as he did; but I found that his present adherents numbered only two.‡

* "The Faith of Reason," p. 176. See Dr. S. I. Prime's "Five Years of Prayer, with the Answers." As to the so-called Christian Scientists, I am informed by a Unitarian clergyman who has done for them some excellent literary work, that it is very unjust to them to class them with the supplicationists, as did Rev. H. B. Heacock in the *California Christian Advocate*. See a reply to Dr. Heacock, entitled "Christian Science and the Bible with reference to Mary Baker G. Eddy's 'Science and Health,'" by Phare Pleigh, published by J. H. Wiggin, 27 Hammond St., Roxbury, Mass., 1897.

† "Faith of Reason," p. 179.

‡ *The Index*, Nov., 1881.

Intelligent readers will hardly expect here any long paragraph on "mind cure,"* or on the philosophy of the occasional consequences of supplication. A German savant discovered that the long-venerated bones of a saint were those of a donkey, but they had not been a whit less remedial on that account. A learned physiologist has remarked that any state of the body earnestly expected is very likely to ensue. A decade or two ago there was a woman in Belgium whose hands and feet bled every Friday, as if from nails driven into them. The priests said it was a miracle like unto the famous stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. A commission of medical men appointed by the government declared that it was the result of morbid expectation, the whole energy of the victim's nature being directed to this end, so flattering to her ecclesiastical pretensions.

(2) Concerning the aspiration prayer, and referring to the words of Jesus, "Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father," Dr. James Freeman Clarke wrote:

The highest worship of all is to carry with us evermore the sense of that heavenly protection, that divine tenderness. It is to look in and to look up, at all times sure that he is near, that he is ready to pour his love into our soul. It is to feel, as Jesus felt, that we can do nothing of ourselves, and therefore to have our church, our oratory, our liturgy in our heart, wherever we are. In the midst of work, of conversation, of amusement, of daily care, we may thus walk in the spirit and live in the spirit. The Christian world is gradually passing into this highest style of prayer. It will not then pray less, but more, for God will then write his law in the heart, and all shall know him, worship him, and love him. . . . In the Psalms there is this very striking petition: "Unite my heart to fear thy name." The soul needs the unity which comes from devotion to something infinite, perfect, the ideal beauty and goodness of things. This unites the heart and life, and prevents it from being wasted and distracted in the endless variety of nature.

In the same vein is Emerson's beautiful appeal: "Is not prayer a study of truth, a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something." What more solacing utterance on aspiration and res-

* See in the *Boston Globe* of May 6, 1897, an account given by a Puget Sound correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of the Puyallup Indian Shakers, the cures effected by their prophet Tow-a-luk (of whom there is a portrait, as also of the resuscitated Siokum), and the reform of vices which missionaries had striven in vain to eradicate.

ignation can be found, unless possibly the following lines of Wordsworth:

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
For time and for eternity, by faith,—
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections, with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone
To the dishonor of his holy name.
Soul of our souls and safeguard of the world! . . .

How beautiful this dome of sky
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed
At thy command! how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can;
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice;
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here, where thou hast built
For Thine own glory in the wilderness . . .

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense!
But leave me unabated trust in Thee,
And let Thy favor to the end of life
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among external things,
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich
And will possess my portion in content.*

This recalls Buddha's aphorism: "The greatest prayer is patience"; and St. Jerome's: "Prayer is a groan"; and Anne Swetchine's: "Prayer has a right to the word 'ineffable'"; and Hannah More's: "Prayer is not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it"; and James Montgomery's: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire"; and Coleridge's: "He prayeth best who loveth best."

(3) The intermediate theory is, that supplication is only a vehicle for resignation, a social aid to aspiration, a secondary means of Christian culture. It is no perversion of the word "instinct" to predicate of man a prayer instinct. Is not the expression, "religious instinct," although unscientific, sometimes properly predicable in accounting for the peculiar musical and sympathetic proclivities of hallelujah lassies? also for certain social anachronisms? The Welch-Putnam aphorism comes to mind, slightly modified: Religion isn't mere music, rhyme, and rhetoric—not by a considerable sight.

Doubtless some such idea suggested to Jesus his blessed substitution of "Our Father" for the old Jewish designations of God. I deem the day not far distant when unanimously will be carried Theodore Parker's amendment of this amendment: "Our Father—aye, our tender Mother!" Ah! the cry of a new-born babe! It says: "I am in pain and ignorance and hunger and fear. I know nothing." What? Ah! "I think: therefore I am." There is an Ego and a Non-Ego. I have but one impulse, a yearning to find in all this Not-Me—in all this strange new environment—a Somewhat that will relieve, shield, nourish me. Nothing more? Ah! that Somewhat will never satisfy this yearning unless it also have consciousness, be a portion of or in alliance with the Me sufficiently to sympathize with my soul-want. Nevertheless, my bodily want is the more immediately exigent of the two; and, in the process of its becoming satisfied, I have a glimmering sense of adaptation of means to end. With the comfort from the breast there comes to be associated a pallid face and two sweet, half-sad, half-glad loving eyes looking down at mine. My solace is in exact ratio with my earnest belief that the new-found responsive Somewhat is able and willing to bear my sorrow and to supplement my void, my perishing need of knowledge, strength, and communion. Soon I peacefully slumber. On awaking, I experience the same sense of want; I find myself apprehensive that I am alone.

Now suppose reason (or any other third unknown entity) were to intervene and exclaim: "The original Somewhat, no longer x , the Being that has demonstrated herself to your spirit as a power not yourself that makes for sweetness and

light, will not forsake your couch; therefore your crying is very impertinent and proletarian," what should I immediately answer? I should impatiently exclaim: "*I must cry!*" And the answer would be a sound one.

Years elapse, and after I have learned a little of good and evil, right and wrong, and feel that there is a Power not myself—yet in some sense a part of myself, my ideal—that makes for sweetness and light and righteousness, a Somewhat having sensibility, intelligence, and will, I find myself in a like condition of spiritual want, and with the same lonesome yearning. If now I cry out a supplication to that Being, and reason interjects a wherefore, I can only reply: "Mind thine own proper business, O Reason! Do not usurp the function of Faith and Feeling." As the reader may have guessed, the foregoing comparison was suggested by Tennyson's verse:*

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

And it is impossible not also to have in mind the felicitous cognate simile of Dr. James Freeman Clarke:

As the mother comes and bends by night over her sick and sleeping child all unconscious of her presence, so the Lord comes and looks on us with tenderest pity when we think nothing of him. Yet sometimes the sick and sleeping child may half arouse itself, and stretch up its little drowsy arm to its mother, and put it round her neck, drawing her face close down to his and giving her a little sleepy kiss; and the mother is well pleased. So I think God is well pleased when we, half awakening from our drowsy sleep in sense and sin, just look up a little moment and cry out of our heart, though it may be only a single cry of longing or one unuttered whisper of vague hope.†

Lowell beautifully puts the thought thus:

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

If the reader ask for a model prayer according to my

* "In Memoriam," stanza 53.

† See "The Life of Lives," p. 206.

theory,—this third one,—I would give that embodied in Merrick's hymn:

Author of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
Oh, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

This putting forth a prayer as a model recalls an episode whereof *pars fui*. A certain young lady, daughter of a Baptist clergyman, after singing with a young man who called himself a "Methodist Unitarian," Phœbe Cary's verse,

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified,

happened to praise the sentiment. He assented, adding, however, that he deemed Merrick's hymn the most sensible prayer-model in English literature. Thereupon she archly inquired if he really set it above a certain model in an old English book published under the auspices of King James. He stammered out that the English version of the Lord's Prayer was the less poetic of the two. "Then," replied she, "suppose you write for my album a poetic paraphrase of it, with a Unitarian embellishment. Perhaps you may try also to improve on the sentiments of its 'somewhat divine' author." He declined, but on her imposing, as a penalty for non-compliance, refusal of a kiss, he surrendered. The following was his production:

As greets the heart with gratitude
Each blessing hallowed and renewed,
Be inspiration from above

To newer sweetness, light, and love,
And whatsoever may incite
To wisdom, justice, truth, and right.

As be another's faults forgiven,
Forgiven be our tortuous sin;
Away temptation's wiles be driven,
As evil thinking not begin.

So shall the spirit meekly shine,
A kindled spark from Soul Divine,
And so in Jesus' life be given
Faith, peace, and patience, hope and heaven.

On the following Sunday evening, the young man called again and returned the album. On reading the lines, she quizzically remarked: "Although I don't like the paraphrase quite so well as I do the original, nevertheless I'll try to make it do." "Then you accept it?" "Y-es." Thereupon he drew nearer and whispered, "Now!" She gently retorted: "But I didn't say I'd accept yourself! No man who is not betrothed or married to me shall ever kiss me." Then he—but this is a digression. "And so they were married and lived happy ever after," that is, until her death twenty years later. Thereupon, to beguile his loneliness, he wrote a book that she had projected, entitled "The Life of Lives." And therein* may be found the foregoing album lines.

III.

Another position in theology whereon the battle of rationality is yet raging concerns the doctrine that the peace which comes of conforming one's life to that of Jesus is not the result of a law of our being—something perfectly natural—but rather some supernatural effect of believing the dogma that "atonement" less imports a simple at-one-ment with our Creator's will than an expiation for inherited "Adamic sin." While nobody denies that right conduct of life can only come of right spiritual condition, and that such condition is attainable only through adopting the method and means of Jesus (self-introspection and denial of the baser self), yet many Christians talk as if good disposition—character—is something poured into the soul, and not a drawing out—education—cultivation into symmetrical action of all the soul's faculties.

*The book also has a photogravure portrait of the lady.

It would seem that a moment's candid reflection would convince these emotionalists that

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;

that impulse, emotion, ecstasy have no moral merit; that only right volition determines duty in the race for eternal life,

But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

The theory is akin to the argument of a certain bishop in support of the dogma of the apotheosis of the Virgin Mary, that "it has been a great comfort to myriads of pious souls to feel that the mother of God is interceding in their behalf." The so-called "holiness testimony" in a Salvation Army camp-fire often amounts to little else than the assertion: "I feel myself cured of all sin; therefore my belief is correct." The listener is tempted to "put catechism:" How about the sin of intellectual indolence?

Cognate with this point is the theological whim against which phrenological science is battling, namely, that the best mind in the sight of God and man is not the most symmetrical one, but a sort of lop-sided one wherein certain faculties preponderate over others. It is akin to the monkish asceticism that proclaimed St. Simon on his pillar superior to the rest of mankind, an idea as maniacal as to declare a Newport dandy loafer to be a greater benefactor to the race than a sturdy Western pioneer. The lately deceased pastor of a church in South Boston was occasionally obliged to send home some bereaved mother who would otherwise spend whole weekdays kneeling before the altar, leaving the wants of her husband and surviving children unprovided for. This reminds one of the comment of a certain housekeeper after listening to an old-fashioned sermon on the text, "Mary hath chosen the better part," namely, "I should have been tempted to respond to Jesus: 'Then let me sit down to conversation, and we'll all go without our supper.'"

The right solution of this question of mental balance lies in what Pat has designated as "the middle extrame." Mary and Martha are permanent types of character: the actively useful and the inwardly devout. One *does* good in order to be

good; the other tries to *be* good in order to *do* good. One represents conscience, the other devotion; one stands for piety, the other for morality. Both elements are indispensable to any real excellence of character. To cultivate the *Mary* element exclusively and be always absorbed in solitary aspiration tends to selfishness. To cultivate the *Martha* element exclusively—to be so absorbed in outward duties as to take no time for meditation—this tends to shallowness.*

The phrenologist's convenient classification of the various human faculties, and his analysis of the "uses" and "abuses" of each, are well in point, even if his theory of brain localizations be erroneous. Take, for instance, the "bump" of "mirthfulness." Its "abuse" is levity. Its "use" is—well, everybody knows President Lincoln's reply when Stanton chided him for stopping to read and laugh over a "Nasby" letter: "Mr. Secretary, if I didn't so relieve this terrible strain of care, I should go mad; I could not live." On this point Beecher had an inspired utterance: "God smiled when he put humor in the human disposition, and said, '*That's good!*'" More and more is it coming to be conceded that any Scripture implying a denial of the right and duty of all endowments of the human constitution to "live and let live" is to be "let slide." As Jeremy Taylor remarked, "If Reason justly contradicts an article, it is not of the household of Faith."†

On the principle acted on by the Master when denouncing the traditionalism of the Pharisees, Christians are differentiating theology from religion sufficiently to weed out certain tares from the former without uprooting the wheat of the latter. For instance, the Golden Rule (of Confucius, Socrates, Rabbi Hillel, Jesus, and Paul) still stands firm as the everlasting hills, although Paul's theory of Christ's second coming has long ago passed into "innocuous desuetude." So also has his well-meant argument for immortality dependent on Christ's resurrection.‡ Similarly is the doctrine of immortality unaffected by Dr. Hooykaas, of the Leyden school, explaining the origin of the legend of the supernatural *post mortem* materialization of the body of Jesus.§ His theory puts the excited

* See "Elsmere Elsewhere," p. 80. † See "Life of Lives," p. 12. ‡ I Cor. xv.

§ See "The Life of Lives," p. 260.

condition of the sorrowing Peter's mind, as also the vision of the women, in much the same category as what De Boissese and other psychological writers have called "hallucination with ecstasy," and have classed with the cases of Swedenborg, Engelbriht, Joan of Arc, Alexandrine Lanois, Daniel, John of the Apocalypse, and others. Similar cases, however, have received quite a different explanation from Robert Dale Owen.*

Dr. A. P. Peabody once remarked that Tyndall's deistical work, "Christianity as Old as the Creation; or, the Gospel a Republication of the Law of Nature,"

admits in its title the strongest ground—nay, the only ground—on which we can believe or defend Christianity. To suppose it a divine afterthought—a supplementary creation, an excrescence upon nature—is to dishonor it under shelter of a pretended advocacy. Nay, more, it is to impugn the divine immutableness, the integrity of those attributes that underlie all religion. The highest view of Christianity is that which regards it as the religion of nature, as the constitutional law of the spiritual universe, as corresponding to the mathematical laws which are embodied in the material universe,—absolute, necessary, eternal truth, that which always was and ever will be. Revelation did not create it any more than Newton created the law of universal gravitation, or Kepler the laws of planetary motion.

Pope tersely puts it:

All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

This reduces all theologians to two categories, the Rationalists and the Irrationalists, and compels the conclusion that with the fall of the myth of Adam's fall† must also fall the itinerant revivalist's imputation of proxy righteousness and his assertion that any other doxy than his own is a mere "theology of negations." One's individual religion may be something too sacred to be Pharisaically flaunted, yet on the evolutionists' banner may still be inscribed: The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus, Salvation by Character, and the Progress of Mankind onward and upward.

*"The Debatable Land between this World and the Next."

†See Dr. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," chap. xx.

IS AMERICAN DOMESTICITY DECREASING,
AND IF SO, WHY ? *

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

MORE than one question is tangled in this exceedingly awkward interrogative title, which no man may read without the instant inquiries, What is American? and what is domesticity?

In answer to the first is summed up a background like that of an old minister known to my youth, who began any specially important occasion with the formula: "My friends, let us take a brief survey of the history of mankind, from the creation to the present time." Such survey is part of any understanding of this word, American, which carries with it, especially if woman be added, a never-ceasing, fascinating source of wonder, inquiry, speculation. The American woman is held abroad to be of but one type—the woman of countless trunks, much jewelry, worn of mornings, and with powers of fascination which are devastating the English peerage and making havoc with Continental "institutions." Yet this type is but one of unnumbered ones, to Europe chiefly unknown.

This word, American, is a composite one. In the last analysis, English may remain uppermost, but the substance is conglomerate, and every country of the civilized world has added its contribution, national habits, national idiosyncrasies, tincturing at every turn this many-hued fabric of American life. Thus the home life of all peoples has mingled in the stream of tendency, whose course we are to follow, and whose storm-tossed waves, we are told, foretell the destruction of the American home.

American, then, may stand to us as typical of general home life for all the world of thinking, living, loving, or unloving men and women, who, through all the world, are making or unmaking the homes of the world.

As to domesticity—what is that? To our grandfathers and

*A paper read before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, Nov. 12, 1896.

many a generation before them, back to and beyond the Greek and Aristotle's own formula of the thought, it meant, as it means for many to-day, just staying at home. "My dear little stay-at-home" is a Chinese pet phrase, the tenderest that Chinese thought holds for woman, to whom action, either in or outside the house, is rendered practically impossible.

Let us see what shades of meaning have been added to or taken from the word, as it stood in the beginning, when thought and word had less complex relation than belongs to them to-day.

What to-day is limited by its mere architectural meaning, the *dome*, as we know it in the cathedral or great public buildings, as the Capitol at Washington, had once a wider significance, and in Greek poetry, especially, meant a stately building, a great hall. To this we may still hold as we pass to the humbler forms in which *domestic* embodies itself, since in that earlier meaning lies, if not prophecy, at least hint of something to come, when the word home has found its larger application.

From this first thought it passed on to the inclusion of all necessary activities and drudgeries, domestic duties, domestic service, and the like, till, born of close confinement to these, came the title, domestic man or woman. "See, Master Premium, what a *domestic* character I am!" Sheridan writes; and Emerson follows later: "The *domestic* man, who loves no music so well as his kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of."

Then follows, with some small side-issues between, other thought, braiding itself into the strand: Bishop Hall's, "If he were a forreiner by birth, yet he was a *domestick* in heart;" Sir William Temple's: "I found myself so unfit for courts that I was resolved to pass the rest of my life in my own *domestick*;" and then, most suggestive as to the thing that lies before us, old Cotton Mather's word: "The great Basil mentions a certain art of drawing many doves by annointing the wings of a few with a fragrant ointment, and so sending them abroad, that by the *fragrance of the ointment* they may allure others into the house whereof they are themselves the *domesticks*."

"To marry is to *domesticate* the recording Angel," says Stevenson, who scented the "fragrant ointment" aforesaid, yet loved the freedom of the upper air, eying domestic life with the suspicion born of uncertainty as to its final meaning and bearing.

And so, through the lesser phases, all linked to the one before us, we come at last to the form we know now: Martineau's use of it—"the *domesticities* of life," and Ruskin's "These great artists, who succeeded the masters, brought with them mystery, despondency, *domesticity*, sensuality; of all these, good came as well as evil."

The subtle union indicated in this order of argument binds itself about our word—for some of us in such fashion that the elder meaning seems well-nigh a thing of the past; the question of the evening holding all the doubt, the uncertainty, the perplexity, the deep trouble of minds that believe that the home is near its end, and blank confusion the only outlook.

With the definitions and distinctions given, we have the thought with every shade the generations have added or subtracted; and with its substance clear in mind there are two things to do. First, to discover how far America has travelled from the thought of home; second, whether the journey has been toward the City of Destruction, or whether, out of the Slough of Despond and all the long and weary way beyond, we are nearing the land of Beulah with the Delectable Mountains fair in the distance.

First, then, as to the alleged destruction of the American home. And here again appears the familiar source of all evil—*woman*—the American woman having suddenly forced her way into the industrial ranks and become a part of the factory, the shop, the manufactory of every order. As student and teacher of sociology, it is my business to know facts as the scientist must know them, untouched by prejudice or sentiment, and with no deductions save those carried in the substance of the fact itself.

Beginning at the roots, then, we will follow up through all forms of home as we see it to-day, giving for each the facts that make or mar, and in the end such conclusion as they compel.

First, then, where the workers dwell, we have to consider the conditions investigated and reported upon for the United States Bureau of Labor in 1893, the most damaging indictment the subject affords.

Four millions of women, or eighteen per cent of the entire female population, are now engaged in paid industries, the number having doubled in twenty years. In 1870, there were, for instance, eight thousand bookkeepers, accountants, typewriters, etc.; while 1890 gives four hundred thousand. This influx of women has both a moral and an economic cause, the introduction of machinery for manufacturing purposes standing for the last. This cause governs the mass of ordinary women workers, unconscious of the moral one, the higher occupations drawing women who feel the trend of the time; the fact that labor is honorable and desirable for all; the doubt as to the right of the idle to be supported by the industrious.

Both the domestic ideal and the wage-rate are affected through this introduction of a new competing class. Children are involved, not only inferentially, but actually; and I give you some of the conditions which the latest investigations of the United States Bureau of Labor have made plain to us.

It is with the married women who must work, and the reasons why they work, that we must deal; and we have not only the Bureau of Labor Report's testimony, but that of a special investigator sent from Washington to obtain information as to general conditions in factory and manufacturing towns and cities. In the State of Illinois, the Bureau of Labor Report showed that fifty per cent of the working men could not support their families without the assistance of their wives and children; and in many other States a like or even larger percentage held true. In Massachusetts, twelve per cent of all the women employed were married. The employment of women increases three times as fast as the female population; and between 1875 and 1885 the number of housewives decreased 13,625, or nearly two per cent. This percentage is true only for Massachusetts, where the number of married women is much less in proportion than is true of the country as a whole. For all the States, however, there is a steadily increasing number of another class—the deserted wives of

men whose courage failed them as the burden grew heavier, and who shifted the entire responsibility to the shoulders of the women.

In the special investigation for these figures made in the three representative manufacturing States, Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois, it was found that fifty-six per cent of these wives had been deserted just before or just after the birth of the second child, sixteen per cent on the birth of the first, and twenty-eight per cent just before, or just after, the birth of the third. In a small proportion of cases, the separation was by mutual agreement, the husband going to another State where chances of employment at a living wage were said to be better, and with the intention of sending home such portion of his earnings as could be saved, the wife, in the meantime, earning her share in factory or shop. But the majority of the men gave up the struggle as a hopeless case, and sought employment at points as remote from pursuit or interference as they could reach, forming often new ties, to be presently broken in the same manner. The majority, however, chose freedom, and hence the "stag camps," the significant Western term for the logging camps of the lumber districts, the gold and silver mining camps of the West, the boarding tents and cabins of the iron-ore region, where thousands of men live with no woman within fifty miles of them.

These are the "stag camps." What are the "she towns?" Those cotton-mill towns of New England and the South or West, in which, as one goes through the poorer streets, house after house is found to be locked up, little faces looking from the windows. The mother and older children, if she has them, are at work in the mill, and the baby and younger ones locked up at home. Often the husbands of the women who make up the "she towns" are at the remote West, in the "stag camps," or, at the best, working at a distance from home. In any case there is an enormous disparity of men in Massachusetts; for example, out of 61,246 workers in the cotton mills, nearly 32,000 are women and 7,579 are children.

We have here, then, one of the most palpable effects of the constantly increasing employment of women and children—the disintegration of the home. As machinery is perfected it

reaches that stage where a child can perform the few operations connected with it, and girls and women all the more complicated ones. The need for any labor of men passes, and they are pushed out into other fields. On the other hand, the sweating system, which turns the home into a factory, produces the same result. Both are parts of the present competitive system, which at one end of the line draws mother and child into the factory, at the other forces the factory into the home.

In both cases the consequences are much the same. Separation and disorganization head the list; but there is another, far more serious in its bearing on our future. In addition to the testimony given by Labor Reports as to the effect of child-labor on health and development, we have now a careful, scientific study, a summary of which was given in the *Forum* for March, 1894. Dr. H. D. Chapin, its author, is a physician in the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, and has made a record of six hundred cases that came under his care, his object being to determine how far the diseases of very little children were occasioned by heredity, and how far by the conditions in which they lived. Most of the children were under two years of age, and nearly half under one year. At the time of birth, 508 of them were reported to have been in good condition, and only twenty in bad condition. As a whole they started life fairly well. What then had been the later conditions? In a hundred and six cases it was found that the mothers were the sole bread-earners, and that in eighty-seven cases the fathers were out of work when the children came to the hospital. Besides these there were a hundred and seventy-six cases in which the mothers as well as the fathers were compelled to work. The results of this condition of things, as described by Dr. Chapin, were very striking:

Two hundred and fifty-seven of the cases were deprived of maternal nourishment before the proper time, and a hundred and one of the babies never received it at all. The usual reason was that the mothers were obliged to go out to work and remain away for too long intervals to care properly for their infants. As a direct result a large number developed rickets, which is usually accompanied by a softening of the bones, together with great irritation of the nervous system. Almost all of these diseases could have been prevented by proper diet and care, and yet, when brought to the hospital, they were frequently so far advanced

as to result either in death or in a more or less permanent crippling of a healthy life.

In a hundred and fifty of these cases the family incomes were between five dollars and ten dollars a week. In a hundred and seventeen they were below five dollars. This large proportion of families, having less than five dollars a week, reveals a stratum of society of which factory returns show nothing. Reduced to such conditions, physical degeneration is likely to destroy the power to rise, and, in fact, this is generally the case. "Evidently," Dr. Chapin ends, "it is time to consider whether some reasonable form of coöperation cannot be substituted for the bitter competition, so wasteful of human life."

What then do we want? Additions to the four hundred trades and subdivisions of trades open to women? God forbid, till we have studied our problem, and can better state what necessary part of progress or genuine civilization the four hundred are. In a summary of the Report of the English Labor Commission to Parliament, the only bit of foreign testimony my space permits me to give, I find these words:

It is painful to find, after all the progress that has been made in approximating men's industries to certain great human principles, that women are still so far behind, and that the economic independence which we have been taught to associate with the extension of the field of women's employment is very far from being won as yet. In fact, in looking over the many trades in which the toil is hard and the hours long, one wonders how far the increasing opportunities afforded to women of earning a few shillings—we cannot say of earning a living—are not more of a curse than a blessing. The nation has a heavy, and an increasingly heavy bill to pay for damaged lives in those trades in which women are principally employed, as we know from the last reports of the registrar with the frightful increase of infant mortality.

It is plain, then, that I do not speak for women alone, nor would such speech be possible. What touches the woman, lies no less close to the man. The two are one in all needs, social and economic. What we seek for one is no less part of the other's right. For all who labor, whether in factory or shop or in that dreary round the farmer's wife must know from day to day, it is a reduction in the amount and the irksomeness of all labor that is the question. With this minute subdivision of labor has come a hideous monotony, in itself a weakening and debilitating of the task to be done, and

a destruction of happiness in the home. Long ago John Stuart Mill wrote, "It is doubtful if machinery, even at its best, has lightened the toil of a human being;" and the word is truer to-day than when he wrote it. Not exemption from labor, since in true work lies the best development for men and for women, but a new ordering of labor itself, and a new rendering of how it shall be done.

This is one view of the situation, true in its least detail, but happily owning, as most views do, a less lurid side.

This matter of the "she towns" and "stag camps" is one phase of the case. In spite of the very serious features involved, it stands to me, as do many other evils in our social life, as the negative pole of the battery—a condition to be faced, studied, understood, and in that fact made to pass. It is a condition, not an entity. As a matter of fact, we are already passing beyond it. Take the case of the woman wage-earner, and the four million are but a fraction of these women, domestic service adding other millions, and thousands being at work who refuse to be registered under this head. I quote from a report of one of our ablest factory inspectors, Mrs. Fanny Purdy Palmer of Rhode Island, a State bristling with mills of all orders. She writes:

The average age of the four million women tabulated is twenty-four years. Observation indicates that the majority of women employed in mills, stores, and offices are from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. Large numbers of employed women do not, therefore, work beyond a marriageable age.

The wives of working men and mechanics have usually been working girls before marriage; and from this fact we may surmise that the state of being employed, with its attendant independence, ability to dress well and take part in social affairs, promotes rather than hinders opportunity to marry, and, moreover, increases the girl's chance of marrying according to her mind.

Again, the fact that a girl's earning capacity is established settles in a way her money value as a home-maker, a circumstance not without its influence on domestic happiness; and likewise, women who have earned money best know its value, and are more likely to spend judiciously than those whose wants have been supplied by others' efforts.

Employment, therefore, cannot be said to be a hindrance to marriage, though it may sometimes operate as a prudent restraint.

Large and healthy families are the usual result of marriages between working men and working women. Working girls who marry in Rhode Island, for instance,—their statistics giving much the same conclusions

as most of the Eastern manufacturing states,—bear and rear the average number of healthy children.

The homes of the operatives, in cases where both husband and wife work in the mill, compare very well for cleanliness and comfort with the homes of city workmen, sewer builders, day laborers, etc., whose wives do not go out to work.

As to this latter point made by Inspector Palmer, it may be said that the knowledge of real home-making among the poor, and among workers no less, is but in its embryo, and that for them, as for us all, the march of science, no less than the growth of the sense of humanity and of a form of education that will develop instead of stifle it, will mean a new conception of home and a new order of domesticity.

Men and women whose chief labor in life is not for subsistence, but for enjoyment, will find it difficult to think even that as domestic service has only some 3,000,000 women in its ranks, a good two-thirds of the women of this country must, in the familiar New England phrase, "do their own work." Work of this order being, for women, a burden they can in no wise endure, there follows naturally the boarding-house, one of the most active home-disintegrators ever known. The boarding-house shelters thousands who have but small incomes and desire to make the utmost practicable show. The hotels swarm with other thousands, rated a trifle higher in the social scale, but there with the same purpose as the rank below; for one as for the other the same cause making home life unendurable.

86? Comradeship, the only abiding relationship between the sexes, is, so far, a development for only the highest souls. To the majority of married pairs it is meaningless. A crowd is the necessity for amusement and diversion from the deadly monotony waiting upon enforced companionship, each unutterably tedious to the other, each alike incapable of defining the word *home*. Travel absorbs another enormous contingent, whose chief aim, wherever they are, is to get somewhere else as fast as possible, and whose manners and customs are, to amazed Europeans, of the order described by Kingsley's Tom Thurnall in his letter from the South Sea Islands concerning the natives: "Their manners, which was none, and their customs, which was disgusting!"

To the observers of these orders, they seem to constitute an overwhelming majority; and thus follows the arraignment that American domesticity is disappearing, not only in cities, but in the country as a whole. I have summed up the reasons for this faith, and they are serious ones. It is my business now to present those which weigh on the other side, to my mind a full and satisfactory outlook on our future.

First, then, still on the statistical side, the city of Philadelphia has 75,000 homes owned by working men and women, with an average of comfort and opportunity not possessed by any other city in the United States. The report from Boston gives 45,000, and for that city also is a well-organized system of opportunity for all workers, and the high grade of intelligence and of contentment that comes from such opportunity well used. The home life means much work, much care, but also much comfort; and this is true not only for the working man, mechanic, and all higher grades of manual workers, but for the large class of clerks, bookkeepers, etc., whose good sense shuns the boarding-house, and bears with the present infelicities with which the domestic-service question is flooding all homes.

Mr. Robert Grant, that very agreeable Philistine, has, I am aware, directed his ammunition against homes of this order, and so helped to clinch the curiously snobbish conclusion that home, where income falls below \$5,000 a year, is of an order not to be recognized by the cultivated mind. He has failed, it may be, to make the acquaintance of the "bachelor maids" of whom one of our charming women novelists not long ago wrote. For the young bachelor maid, and for the old alike, home has a place in their thought of deeper significance than the grandmothers more than dimly suspected. Thousands of unmarried women whose place would once have been that of unpaid drudge in married brothers' or sisters' houses now make little homes of their own. College girls, in no haste to marry, do the same, and give to the individual soul its chance to weigh and measure, protected by the nest they have made, yet free to take flight as they will, till the meaning of real living is plain, and they choose home life with clearer eyes and deeper purpose than any generation has known. In the col-

leges they are discussing the training of boys, speculating as to the "sphere of man," and otherwise bringing divine common sense to bear upon the problem of the home. And from the elder generation comes the testimony that all home life has sweetened and ameliorated. The children of a hundred years ago—yes, even the children of my generation—were things to be seen and not heard. Fear ruled most children, and home had not come to any real conception of what the word might mean. To-day we are studying the child, and recognizing as new something old as time, yet never acted on before—that in the soul of the child lies the future of the race, and that that future is built upon the homes of the race, homes developed and perfected by every means that science and art together may bring to bear. The longing for home is in every conscious human soul. The making of a home is given to each, and in no age since time began has its future been so sure. Even the freedom of divorce means simply, in the last analysis, the revolt against blind ignorance, the search for something better.

The growth of club life simply points the way to the perfected home. Bachelor apartments carry the same meaning. Ease of administration, comfort of appointment, the greatest happiness of the greatest number—all that will make the new thought of home for all—lie at the heart of all that has been counted destructive of home. Evolution does not stop, nor does it work backward. We may well bear, then, with certain conditions in the process, since each one is but seed of the perfected fruit we shall some day see,—the home in which happy human life may go on working out its appointed end, till the larger home shines fair before the eyes that have known the vision to be realized. The House Beautiful—the building of God, not made with hands—it is this that prefigures, compels, draws, till in every home where Love has lived and ruled, "a deepening wedding," the daily making holy of the home, its image grows so plain that the transition from life into other life is, as it were, well-nigh an unconscious one; and the man and woman who may together have made that home can say, as William Smith did in the best of love stories, "The Story of William and Lucy Smith": "I think you and I would have made a happy world if we were the only two in it."

PLUTOCRACY AND WAR.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

DEBT is the only begotten and dearly beloved son of war; the offspring is more dangerous and more cruel than the progenitor.

The total bonded indebtedness arising out of civil and international conflicts—eating away day and night at the vitals of the great leading powers of the world—is already about twenty thousand millions of dollars. Reflect for an hour upon the appalling aggregate; consider the pressure of this intolerable incubus; try to estimate the horror of this hell; weigh the woe and anguish of them who rest under it, and then—despair and die.

Twenty thousand millions of dollars! Statesmen, philanthropists, philosophers, preachers, journalists, mouthpieces of civilization, one and all of you, how do you like the exhibit? Does it not suffice? Who is going to pay the account? The people. Who, without lifting a hand or turning in their downy beds, will gather this infamous harvest during all the twentieth century? The plutocracy.

It has been the immemorial policy of the Money Power to foment wars among the nations; to edge on the conflict until both parties pass under the shadow of impending bankruptcy; to buy up the prodigious debt of both with a pailful of gold; to raise the debt to par; to invent patriotic proclamations for preserving the National Honor; and finally to hire the presses and pulpits of two continents to glorify the crime!

And now comes a marvellous revolution. The war-debt gamblers of the world have suddenly and silently changed their game. They are no longer the fomenters of war. Each and several they have turned about and become the champions of order and pacification. The Baron Rothschild, philanthropist and benefactor, has joined the Society of Friends! The Morgan syndicate, following his example, has enlisted under the banner of the Peace Society! Lombard Street and Wall Street have opened headquarters for the dissemination of

the principles of the Gospel; and the Stock Exchange has become the chief auxiliary of the Salvation Army. This turn in human affairs is not only wonderful; it is miraculous!

The powerful conversion of the chief plutocrats of two continents to the principles of William Penn is an event not to be passed without a note of admiration. It is only once in a while that the malevolent powers of this world get a conscience in them and so fall in love with the human race! Such a thing is well calculated to excite suspicion; it requires at least to be explained.

Hitherto the money autocracy of the world has always been anxious for war. It was by war indeed that the money power came into being, and by that agency it has mounted to the throne of the nations. Battle has been to the plutocratic empire the one beautiful and inspiring fact in history. War has always demanded resources. War has to be supported with what orators call "the sinews" of war. War must be fed and supplied and strengthened at an expenditure that would be appalling to the human imagination if it were not so glorious. Hence when war begins, borrowing begins. The bond office is established, and for Shylock the bond office is the open gate into the boulevards of Elysium.

It is by this method that the great war-debts of the world have been created. They have been created for the benefit of plutocracy at the expense of the toiling millions. To this extent the scheme of war has harmonized perfectly with the purposes of Shylock. The war god and the god of gold have been a pair of noble brothers. Their dominion has been extended and confirmed until at last every great nation of the earth owns their sway. That the god of gold should here at the close of the nineteenth century suddenly dissolve his partnership with the god of war and join the Society of Friends is, we repeat, a thing so marvellous as to arouse even a philosopher from his reverie. Albeit, it is a good thing to belong to the Society of Friends, if one is sincere in his acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount.

But why should Shylock become a man of peace? The reason is not far to seek. The reason is that the great game of making war for the benefit of national and international

bondholders has come to its last play. The scheme is exhausted. Not another card can be cast without danger to the plutocratic gamblers who have so long gathered the harvests of the world with the bloody sickle of war. The process of making war-debts can go no further without crossing that line beyond which mankind, under intolerable injustice, will rise against their despoilers and reclaim their lost estate.

Whatever else Shylock is, he is not a fool. He knows when he has gone far enough. His wits have been sharpened by ages of ancestral experience and evolution. Heredity has made him the most cunning and the most discerning, as well as the most pliable, of all living creatures. As a vulpine philosopher he is the nonpareil of this world. He has present sight, hindsight, and foresight. He has pure vision and contrivance. He holds no relations to anything. He has no kindred and no country. Like death, he has all seasons for his own. All peoples, all conditions, all forms of society, all hopes and enterprises of the human race, are the crude materials of his art. With these he juggles and experiments, and out of them he deduces a wisdom which has been reënforced by hereditary experiences and made secure by the elimination of conscience.

Shylock perceives that he cannot further increase his holdings by the method of war; that is, he cannot further enlarge his bond without danger. He perceives that the very process by which he has amassed his unearned treasures is about to turn the other way. Gladly would he involve not only one nation or several nations, but all nations in bloody war, if he might safely get thereby another bond. Gladly would he see not only one people or several peoples, but all peoples, devastated and ruined, if he might sit on the throne of their devastation and build for himself out of their blood and wealth another temple and another treasure-house. But he perceives at the present juncture of human affairs that he has played his game to the point of danger. A shadowy sharp sword has been drawn by the sinewy hand of mankind, and this sword is laid blade-wise across the face of Shylock; he sees it and fears it, and for this reason he turns peacemaker and says to the world: "Mankind, I am your friend. I am a

friend of humanity. I wish the nations to devote themselves to peaceable enterprises. I wish to see the 'business interests' of you all protected and enlarged. Nations should not fight any more. Peace is better than war. Peace promotes business and industry. I am for peace, and for this have I joined the Friends!"

After this deliverance, Shylock turns aside, and musing in the dim light of his office, says, *sotto voce*: "If they fight any more, the interest on my bonds cannot be paid. Besides, the insurgents will presently turn upon me and my tribe and destroy our business. I must keep my influence with these contemptible Christian nations, else they will cease to support me and my enterprises. My business is to live by the labor of others. This I have to get under the pretence of patriotic sacrifice. Pity it is that I cannot encourage war any longer; that I am obliged by the unfavorable state of my business to hold back these nations from continuing to cut one another's throats for my benefit; but such is the case."

The reverie of Shylock continues thus: "I note that reckless leaders in several countries, for the sake of holding their leadership, are appealing to the war spirit, and inciting their respective peoples to arms. They are fools. They seem not to know that they cannot make war without me. I will not let them fight; for it has become dangerous to the 'business interests' of the world. I will let the fool-patriots blow a little, for that is necessary in election years; but after a week or two of such oratorical exercises, I will pluck them by the tails of their coats, and say, 'Come down.' And they will come down!"

This situation is horribly amusing. It is enough to cause a shudder in the heart of humanity. The money power of the world is in alliance with the governments of the world. These governments think, not without reason, that without such alliance they cannot survive. In all of them that are conducted by party the money power is in league with the party; that is, with the *dominant* party. The dominant party subsists by means of popular enthusiasm and plutocratic support. The party is obliged to kindle enthusiasm or perish. Even in monarchies, such as Great Britain and Germany, there must be a perpetual rally of the people to the standard of the

party in power. The necessary enthusiasm is one of the products of war and of warlike agitation. The party is therefore for war. The party leaders of every country are anxious to promote at least the *spirit* of war in order to gain popular favor by the proclamation of sham patriotism. Hitherto this thing has been a method most pleasing to Shylock. He, as well as the party autocrat, has gone to his closet with thanksgiving and praise at the close of every day which by its events has fanned the incipient flames of war. The fact is that there are not in the whole world any better friends naturally and historically than the party god and the god of gold—unless it should be the god of gold and his bedfellow, a wooden-headed king.

The triune alliance of Demagogue, Shylock, and King has been broken in these last days by the secession of Shylock from the league. Shylock has always been the great genius in the international trading-house of King, Party and Company. He has been the silent partner, and has done the thinking for the concern. As to principle, he does not know what that is. He always spells it principal! His *interest* lies that way. He has scented in recent years the oncoming conditions in the world, and has made up his mind to house himself against the portending storm. He is getting ready when the storm comes to drop, like a spectral larva, into his subterranean abode, and pull down the iron door over his head. He intends to leave the firm of King, Party and Company to adjust its liabilities as best it may!

So he sits at the money table of the nations. He has one hand on the table. In that hand he holds the strings of international journalism and oratory. With these strings he sounds the pæan of universal battle. The notes of his music echo around the coasts of the world. The unsuspecting peoples stand with craned necks to hear—while his coupons ripen. But his other hand is *under* the table. In this hand he holds the strings of diplomacy and politics stretching from his office to the ends of the earth. And with this hand, whenever the dog of war is about to spring, he jerks him back and says, "Down, Cerberus!"

It is in the light of these facts and principles that the belli-

cose shoutings and fulminations of 1896, heard in the legislative halls and echoed from all the soundingboards of journalism in Europe and America, are to be interpreted. These shoutings signify nothing at all; they are *vox et præterea nil*, this for the reason that the cartridges used in the fusillade have no lead in them. They are blank. Shylock is very willing that the war agitation shall blow high and kindle to a certain stage; but he is on the alert to keep the fire under control and smother it whenever it portends a real conflagration.

It is in this sense that the nations have been going to war of late. France and Russia have been getting ready to crush Germany. England and Russia have been on the eve of hostilities. England and Germany have been about to try the decision of the sword. England and the United States have put on the panoply of battle. The United States and Spain have had a war about Cuba—in the newspapers and the Senate! So on to the end of the category of rumors and outgivings of imminent and universal war.

This clamor has amounted to nothing, for the simple and sole reason that Shylock will not support it. So far as party is concerned, the ruse of the war-trumpet has availed but little. Deep down in the bottom of the agitation and turmoil of the time has been the conservative veto of the peace-loving Shylock, who knows full well that his bond is already as large as the world will carry. He knows when he has sufficiently strained the credit and the patience of mankind. He knows what will come if he attempts to renew the war-play among any of the great nations. He knows that France can bear no more; that Germany has enough; that Russia must quit for her own interest and for his; that England dare not add to her already intolerable burden; that even the party-ridden United States, with all her patriotism and democracy, is at the end of the journey of debt, and that any further addition to the American incubus will end either in the strangulation of liberty or in the insurrection of the people, or both.

It is for this reason that Shylock, philanthropist and benefactor, has changed his immemorial policy. It is for this that, from being the promoter of universal war, he has become the advocate of universal peace. His course is strictly logical.

His defection from the international party of war and politics to the party of strict business is in perfect accordance with the noble principles by which he has ever been inspired. Shylock is for himself. He is all things to all men, if by any means he may gain some. To him it is a matter of perfect indifference whether he be Secretary of War or Secretary of the Peace Society. He joins the one or the other according to the rate of exchange and the extent and variety of his coupons!

It is for these reasons that Rothschild has become a Friend. His conversion is not at all inconsistent. He can perform the peace act as well as the war act. Indeed he can perform both parts at once. In the same day he subscribes for the building of an arsenal and for a new edition of Sumner's speech on *The True Grandeur of Nations*. To him it is all one whether the world blooms with gardens, ripens with oranges, smiles with harvests of wheat, or whether it is trodden into mire and blood under the raging charges of cavalry and the explosion of horrid shells; that is, it is all one to him if his coupons are promptly paid and his bond extended.

Shylock is now a member in good standing of the Society for the Promotion of Universal Peace. He has invited Morgan and Lazard Frères and Carnegie and Havemeyer and Rockefeller to join; the invitation to Pullman has lapsed! Shylock is doing good service. It is to his interest. He is willing to preach, and he preaches. The spirit moves him. He is firmly persuaded that nations should war no more. He does not intend that any shall fight, for the reason that that would make it necessary for him to lend them his gold. He cannot lend them any more gold, for fear he will never get it back again! His old policy of involving mankind in wars in order to have his moneys doubled by scarcity and usurious interest has exhausted itself, and times are hard! It only remains to see what new scheme Shylock will invent in his present character of philanthropist and secretary of the Yearly Meeting!

TRIBUTES TO HENRY GEORGE.

THE SEER.

BY MARION MILLS MILLER.

"While his theories were, of course, visionary and impracticable, we recognize him to have been a good and a wise and a great man, a patriot, a lover of his kind, etc., etc."—*Burden of Editorial and Pulpit Eulogies of Henry George.*

"A holy man is Brother Martin; still,
To set himself against the Papal will,
How vain and foolish, yea, how blasphemous!
'The just shall live by faith,' indeed!" And thus
The self-convicted shaven heads would nod
O'er him alone held guiltless by his God.

"One of the wisest men in all the world,
But yet by study is his brain so whirled
That round and round he thinks the firm earth wheels!"
So gaped the crowd at Galileo's heels,
Nor stopped to think that he of all the train,
If truth they spake, alone was wholly sane.

"None other loves his fellow men so well,
But yet he calls our law 'a league with hell'!
What pity that so true a soul should be
So brazen in such rank disloyalty!"
Thus press and pulpit puled o'er Garrison,
Forgetting truth and treason ne'er were one.

"Pure patriot, and good and wise and true,"
Says once again the same timeserving crew,
Of him who was the veriest charlatan,
Fanatic fool, or enemy of man,
If what he taught were not Truth absolute!
Ay, fools yourselves, whom your own words confute!

OUR FALLEN PROPHET.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

(Dedicated to the Single-Tax Clubs of the United States.)

In that the keen October's jealous breath
 Rapt from our sight this loving Prince of Men,
 At Grief's stern banquet, thou, unlovely Death,
 Hadst rived our hearts, but that by grace again
 Our eyes grew moist with Joy's exultant tears,
 As loomed 'gainst Death the triumph of his years.

Serene as prophets were when face to face
 They walked with God's intent, in earth's dim age,
 And caught high wisdom for an artless race;
 So seemed again the calm, benignant sage,
 The People's dauntless friend, the lofty seer
 Who faced our vexèd days with vision clear.

And yet the prophet's heart, keen-touched with fire,
 The heart that bore the grief of all men's wrong,
 As vibrant as a many-stringèd lyre
 To Sorrow's plaint,—such heart was his, who, strong
 To dare Oppression's creed, gave amplest mind,
 Nay, Soul to lift the lowly of mankind.

And such was he, our knightly paladin,
 Laced in the simple armor of his cause,
 To whose titanic blows, e'en from its din,
 The vain world turned to yield its vain applause
 At last—to find upon the battlefield
 A martyr-hero, prone with sword and shield.

Thus freely slain in cruel joust for right,
So martyred in humanity's defence,
He won for struggling Manhood prouder height,
While Power and Pride, in wondering reverence,
With bowed heads round the heroic ashes stood,
Shamed to the virtue of a nobler mood.

A love-lit pyre of sacrifice, whose flame
Poured radiance on the universal heart,
Soft'ning all minds to justice, thus became
Our Victor's lofty funeral, whose part
To lift the general soul seemed Love's high plan,
The end divine, the Brotherhood of Man.

Then is the People's hope not wholly dead
If Honor's crown to honor's self be lent,
And if for him who man's faint faith has led
The people's trust be ample monument;
If to his dust the mighty tribute bring,
And on Death's track Love's planted roses spring

TO HENRY GEORGE.

BY W. H. VENABLE, LL. D.

Clear voice, far-sounding over tongues confused,
Prophetic voice, untroubled by dissent,
Thou bringest balm to Labor, sick and bruised,
Dumb Poverty thou makest eloquent.
Good thinker of the people, thou art sent
To save declining Hope from Skeptic blight,
To lift the fainting head of Faith abused,
To preach the triumph of Eternal Right.
Thy pen is guided by sweet Reason's hand;
Peace holds the lamp the manuscript to light.
Yet is thy pen a sword, a flaming brand;
Thou would'st indeed redeem the Holy Land
George and the dragon evermore to fight,
Religion's spear against devouring might.

WHAT CAN WE SAY OF THEE?

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

What can we say of thee, but only this?
We had a prophet and we knew him not.
Another age will rate thee at thy worth,
A great, warm-hearted, fearless, honest man;
A nobleman who took his rank from God
And bore it like a king. And, O the poor,
How true a friend they've lost in losing thee!
Who pleadedst aye their cause with tongue and pen,
And gav'st a plan to help them and the race.

Now, like a warrior on a battlefield,
Whose last charge was his best, thy end has come.
Thou sought'st to raise our great Queen City up
From out the mire; and fought'st wrong face to face;
And, as thou led'st the hosts of toilers on,
Against the citadels of fraud and greed,
Just at the hour of seeming victory,
Thy summons came, and we were left alone.

These things all men can say of thee with truth:
He left a legacy to after years;
He was a friend of all the world's oppressed;
He was a foe to sham and tyranny;
He was a martyr to a holy cause;
He died, as he had lived, for humankind.

THE SMELTING OF THE HON. JERRY WEBB.

BY CHARWIN LESBALD.

SHORTLY before the millennium, which everyone will understand is a long way from now, Representative William H. Smith, who was regarded as very much of a mugwump and something of a crank, proposed in Congress an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which provided for a national rule of suffrage and for very much restricting the privilege. Indeed it called for such educational and moral qualifications, to be affirmatively established before a commission, as would prevent more than half the people of voting age from taking part in the selection of governing officials.

The most active opponent of the radical measure was the Hon. Jerry Webb, member from the——District of the State of——. The Hon. Jerry was a good deal of a man; a big-hearted, generous fellow of lax principles, plenty of brains, and a gift for controversy and debate.

In preparing for the great fight on the question the champion for the defence overworked himself, and to get properly on his feet again and relieve the mental strain he went on a little spree with some other statesmen of his build. He rather overdid that business too, and after three days and nights of continuous carousal was put to bed in an unconscious condition, from which he shortly emerged into a warmer if not a better world. When the news became known at the capitol his brother statesmen proceeded to pass eulogistic resolutions about the distinguished deceased, and appointed a committee to perform the sad duty of having a jolly time at the public expense in the special car which was to accompany his body to its last resting-place.

However, that did not interest the Hon. Jerry very much. He was too busy accounting for the tremendous heat and his awfully parched throat and the terrible thirst he had, to care for what was going on elsewhere. Finally he realized that

there could be no such heat which did not consume, and no such thirst that did not kill, outside of Hades, and that he had reached the end of all earthly things and to his final account had come.

His heart sank, and despair came upon him. But it had been his habit on earth to make the best of a bad situation, and here was an opportunity to "come out strong," as Mark Tapley would put it. So he pulled himself together and sallied out to see what kind of a place he had come to anyway.

It was quite up to his expectations. He had been looking for a full-grown Gehenna with its mouth wide open and teeth exposed, and he had found it. The pavement parched his feet, the air scorched his face. Not a green thing was in sight; no trees; no grass; no live thing but people. And what a crowd of them! and what a woebegone, sorry, savage-looking lot they were! It was worse than Chicago in August. What a magnificent thirst he had, if there were only some place to quench it! But there was no sign of any place to get a drink. Nobody asked him to take anything. In fact, nobody spoke to or seemed to care anything about him, although it was evident from their sullen looks and fierce gestures that they were alive and alert and could talk if they wanted to.

After wandering about for a time he approached a dignified old spirit, walking and talking alone with bare head and folded arms in the fierce sunlight. He asked to be directed to a place where he could get a drink.

"What do you desire?" asked the old shade.

"Oh, anything that is cool; I don't care what so long as it is wet and cold."

"There isn't anything excessively wet or extremely cold here," was the reply. "But you are not going to expire from thirst or from any other cause; you may be certain of that and take your time. Across the street you can get a pretty good glass of aquafortis; that's about the coolest drink we have here."

"Why, man, what are you thinking about?" coughed out poor Jerry through his parched throat. "I can't drink nitric acid."

"Oh yes you can," said the other shade. "That's the best you will get here anyway."

They walked across the street together, not from any special sociability, but because the older denizen of the place had a curiosity to see how the younger one took to nitric acid. Jerry picked up the hot glass, looked at the contents a moment, and then, saying, "Well, I have drunk a good deal of Washington whiskey, and ought to stand this," swallowed it.

It wasn't to say cold, but it was the least hot thing about the place, and it became his steady drink.

This was the Hon. Jerry Webb's introduction to Hades and to Themistocles, the great Athenian statesman and soldier; and the whole of the foregoing is the introduction to the conversation which is to follow, and which is the gist of this veracious history.

(By the way, this conversation was really carried on in Volapuk, which is the universal language in that warm country; but as it is hoped that the readers of it will not have occasion to learn that language for some years to come, it has been translated into common English.)

When the astute old Athenian learned that his new acquaintance had been a prominent American politician, he said: "I am extremely glad to meet you, Mr. Webb. Having watched the politics of your country for several generations I have been considerably amused and interested by its gradual downward progress. We have many of your public men here, but late arrivals have been such a disreputable lot that I have associated with them but little. You seem to be of a better brand, and I should be glad to talk over the decadence of democratic institutions with you a little. You see, my country was governed by the democracy in my time, although suffrage was not so universal as with you, and I have been much diverted by the experiment in your land on a larger scale. It will be a hundred and fifty years or so until breakfast. Let us have a little chat in the meantime."

The Hon. Jerry was rather surprised to learn that it would be a century and a half before he got anything to eat, but he felt as though he wouldn't relish anything for at least that length of time and said nothing about it. He immediately

commenced expatiating on the glory and greatness of his country, "The land of the free and the home of the brave;" "the land of liberty and equality;" "the haven for the oppressed and downtrodden of every clime;" "the land where every man is a sovereign, and the officials are the servants of the people." He did it with much fire and eloquence, and would undoubtedly have carried an audience of free American sovereigns off their feet. But old Themistocles had been something of a demagogue himself while on earth, and since leaving it had been looking and speculating on mundane affairs for many hundreds of years from his vantage-ground in Hades, and didn't lose his head very easily.

"Yes, very well said; very well indeed. 'Liberty and equality'; 'Sovereign people,' 'Officers the servants,' etc. Very pretty, almost poetic. Too bad, though, what poor servants your masters employ. Do you happen to know in all your experience a single public servant, that is, a single public official, who ought to be in the place he occupies? Take time and think of all the officials you know, from the constable, up through county, district, and State officials, to the highest place in your nation, and tell me if you can think of a single elective official whom you honestly believe to be the best qualified man of all your acquaintances for the place he occupies."

His auditor put on his thinking cap, but didn't say anything. After a little time the cynical old shade continued: "Queer, isn't it, how few names occur to one when he really tries to think of them?"

"Hold on," broke in Jerry; "you don't know our public men; some of the jolliest and brightest fellows I knew on earth were in office."

"Of course they were," was the reply; "I have been watching them, and a livelier lot of happy-go-lucky chaps than the best of them one would not often meet. But you have not answered my question. Is there one in the whole number you would have selected, looking only for capacity and integrity?"

"What do you mean?" said the Hon. Jerry with some heat.

"I was an alderman and a member of Congress myself. Do you mean we were all either fools or rascals?"

"No, I do not mean that, although you might easily have been one or the other and elected to office. I mean that the tendency of universal suffrage in the present state of civilization is to bring demagogues and dishonest men to the front in politics; and when a nation has been so controlled long enough the inevitable result is that the great majority of public officials are below the average of men of similar social and educational positions, either in capacity or integrity. It must be so; cannot be otherwise; and is so at this time in the country from which you came."

"I don't see how you figure out that the fools get the offices," said Webb. "We used to think a bird had to be fully alive and up early to get the worm. I grant you, in a free country where every man votes, the rustlers get the offices, and the fine-haired gentlemen who are too good to work for themselves have got to stay at home. Those who win have generally brought about their own success, and while they may not be as good as John the Baptist, nor know how to manage the offices they get, as well as others might, they are not fools by any means."

"Don't misunderstand me," said the old shade. "I haven't said they were fools. The most of them are rascals, although quite a large minority could as well be fools too. They are those who are put into office through the manipulations of corporations and other combinations of capital, rather than by their own 'rustling' abilities, as you term it. They may be men of fair character, indeed frequently are. The poor ignorant voters, as well as those of more intelligence, are distrustful of corporations and rich men, with good reason. So the corporation candidate is selected with some care. Often he is not associated with his discoverers at all, and may not know how he came to be nominated or where the money came from that secured his election, until he finds himself in office. Frequently, as I have said, he is a man of good character; if so, his intelligence is low, certainly too low for the place; otherwise he would not have been elected, as he could not be used. Sometimes the corporation or combination of particu-

lar interests controls enough votes to dispense with the little matter of character; then their candidate is liable to be as bright as the chaps who 'rustle' themselves into office—and as good."

"Oh, I know all about that," said the Hon. Jerry. "I understood the corporations and their schemes all right; but they don't elect all of the officers; they don't bother much about any but city councilmen and members of Congress and the legislature, with an occasional assessor or member of the board of supervisors. And they don't always get their man either. Take my case: I beat the corporation candidate in the caucus. The boys put me in—that is, with what rustling I did myself. The boys and I beat the railroad. I was no corporation's nor man's tool but my own. We had a hard fight, and it took money and work, but we won. Part of our district was for free silver, and part for the single gold standard. I had to be on both sides. Some of our people were protectionists, and some were out and out free traders. I was for both, and it kept me pretty busy. I only got in by a bare majority, but I believe I could have held the place, for I got an appropriation for a government building and a lot of special pension bills through, and was leading the fight against the constitutional amendment to limit the suffrage when I died.

"You see, I wasn't anybody's tool, and I don't belong to your fool class and so must be one of the other fellows, eh? Well, I don't know that I was a pattern of virtue. I wouldn't be here enjoying your society probably if I had been. But I was no hypocrite. I never pretended to be better than my party. I managed to keep out of the penitentiary, and never deserted my friends. After all, I wasn't a bad average for a politician and a poor chap who had to look out for himself and push up from the bottom."

"You were decidedly above the average in ability, and well up to it in public virtue," said the older shade, kindly. "But since you make the discussion personal to yourself, and without meaning any offence, as your status is now fixed and unalterable, let us look over your political life and see how much time and thought were really given to the public interests separate from your own and those of personal friends. While

you were alderman and member of Congress, was a tenth of your time and effort given to the public service alone? How many bills did you introduce? How many did you support or oppose? and how many votes were given by you solely because the object sought was the public good?"

"Oh, come now," interjected Webb, "you are too hard. I tell you, I was quite as good as the average member of Congress or city councilman, and a whole lot better than the sneaking, whining fellows whose entire stock-in-trade was being pious and looking solemn. Politics was my business, and I understood it pretty well. I had to take care of myself with the boys of course, but what little I did in that way didn't break the country up; if it had I wouldn't have done it. I was as patriotic as anybody, and believed in my country and party, and was for America against the world, and for my party all the time."

"True enough," said the severe old shade. "No doubt of your Jingoism, nor of that of the other patriots who hold your offices. But the fact remains that you and they took all your country's money you could get by way of salary and then quarrelled and schemed and traded with each other to distribute the balance among yourselves, your friends, and your supporters. That is why you and they got and held offices, because your politics were practical and personal. If your time had been given to the public interests you would have had none to devote to 'looking after your fences,' and some other fellows would have got your job. A successful American politician must be a practical and personal one, and the longer your country is governed by an ignorant democracy, the more practical and personal its politicians will become. They are pretty far down now, and the people have gotten so used to it that they regard as a matter of course things that would have aroused their indignation and disgust even a generation ago. Just at this time your chief magistrate is to be elected. Does anybody doubt that the place will go to the highest bidder? Offices, high positions, principles to suit different localities, and great sums of money are offered for the nomination. The leading candidate of one political party has for a decade shaped his every act and pro-

fession with reference to securing the nomination. For two years he has neglected his public duties to show himself at every county fair or other gathering of the people to which he could procure invitation. He stands ready to advocate anything his supporters think will aid his canvass, to change the cut of his clothes, of his beard, or his religion—anything that is wanted. What is true of him is true in a measure of all other bidders for the great office, the difference in their conduct being only a matter of taste, or perhaps, more properly speaking, a matter of judgment as to the more likely way to secure the prize.

“After the nominations the different political organizations put in their bids for the party. First they bid anything, everything, or nothing in their platforms, influenced largely by what the rival political organizations have or will offer. Next they bid all the appointive offices that can be changed, and lastly, millions and millions of money. The campaign is conducted on the principle of deception and fraud from beginning to end, and the chances are ten to one that the party which uses the most deception, the most fraud, and the most money will win. The winners will then proceed to recoup themselves for all trouble and expense, and to shape their lives and acts, and the laws, if possible, so as to hold the power they have secured.

“The fierce incessant struggle for a bare livelihood has left the great mass of the people neither time, strength, nor inclination to be broad-minded and unselfish. They have neither the intelligence nor the virtue to be good. Once in a while, through excitement or enthusiasm, they get right on a moral question that has been patent to the few for a generation; but on questions of propriety or expediency the majority is invariably wrong. Nobody knows better than the practical politician that, where everybody votes, the great majority of the electors are entirely incapable of deciding what makes for the public good and what for private advantage; and he knows also that the average voter is far more solicitous for his own private advantage than for the public good.

“So your practical politician will do everything to make the voters believe that what he and his party advocate is either

for the public good or for the private advantage of the audience addressed. And if he finds that the audience have decided opinions on any given subject which cannot be changed, he is entirely ready to change his to correspond.

"The man of principle and honor cannot alter his convictions to suit the ever-shifting popular mind, and will not profess to believe what he does not. He cannot be a 'practical' or a successful politician in America at this time, and therefore he has about ceased to be a politician at all. The 'practical' fellow has the reins in your country, and under universal suffrage is likely to keep them, and by the end of another generation, if matters continue to progress downward as they have in the last, you will be thanking your lucky stars you are in Hades instead of there."

"What an old pessimist you are!" said the Hon. Jerry, with a great deal of indignation and some admiration in his voice—"predicting and almost proving the early destruction of the most enlightened and progressive nation on the earth. But don't worry; she will come out all right when the next moral move strikes her. You have been keeping tab on us for the last twenty-five years or so, but it is clear you don't know the glorious history of my great country from its birth."

"Don't make any mistake about that," responded Themistocles; "a thousand years on earth is a day with us. I spent a pleasant hour yesterday afternoon watching the rise and decadence of your ephemeral republic. I know the causes of its young prosperity, and have seen the seeds of decay which were unwittingly planted at its birth germinate and grow until now the life of the nation is doomed unless heroic measures are taken soon. I care nothing about it specially, and am only an indifferent spectator. But I wasn't regarded as much of a fool on earth, and I haven't observed and thought over worldly affairs for the two thousand and more years I have been in this delightful place without learning that certain causes produce certain effects; and the effect of an uninstructed universal suffrage in your country has been, as it will be in every country until the average of civilization and enlightenment is much higher than at present, that the demagogues and schemers, liars and thieves, have been gradually getting more and more

control of your politics, and the honest, self-respecting citizens of clear brains have been one by one dropping out and staying at home with their families.

"I looked on when the foundations of your country were laid. The hopes and purposes of the framers were high and good and noble. Patriotism and love of country and of the people were at the bottom; but the seeds of destruction were also there. Sharp, unscrupulous statesmen soon discovered that the people were easily deceived about public matters and public men. They practised on this credulity. Their success encouraged others. As fast as one set of demagogues died off or was discovered in some swindle more flagrant than ordinary, another took their places and practised similar or other arts, until it has come to be a fact that the surest way to get an office is to be unworthy of it. And the most hopeless feature of the situation to the honest and intelligent citizens of your country, of whom I believe there are more than in any other country on the globe, is that everybody"—

"Stop," broke in Webb, with blazing eyes. "Listen to me; you have done all the talking so far. You have been a spectator only, as you say, and a cold, unsympathetic spectator at that. What do you know of universal suffrage? You never had it in Athens. What do you know of Americans? You never lived with them. How do you know that truth and honor and patriotism are not stronger than chicanery and cajolery with the people? You never practised any arts but those of the demagogue. If your heart was as warm as your intellect is bright, you would see below the surface, and know that the people everywhere and always mean right, and will do the right if shown the way. If you knew and loved my country and its people as I, with all my shortcomings, do, you would believe with me that America and universal suffrage will be the salvation of the world.

"Much that you say is true, but your conclusion is all wrong. The remedy would be worse than the disease. Politics is in a bad state in my country, I admit. I see it now as never before. To one who only looks on, it no doubt seems that we are a nation of demagogues and frauds, but I, who have been on the inside, know that at bottom the American

people mean the very best by their country and its institutions. They love it beyond their lives. The overwhelming majority want clean politics and good government. If those honest, clear-brained citizens you commend for eschewing politics and staying at home with their families, would give as much time and thought to their political duties as to their private affairs and individual pleasures, the stables would be cleaned at the next election. The remedy is not to restrict the suffrage, but to wake up the honest and intelligent to the knowledge that they and their kind are more than a match for the rascals if only they will exercise the same zeal and persistence. The trouble is not with the humble citizens, but with the silk stockings, who are afraid of soiling their fine hosiery.

"Oh! if I only had my life to live over! If I could make my voice heard once more, I would arouse my countrymen to save the government which is the hope of the world. They can do it, and do it at once. If one-half, yes, one-fourth of those who know the causes and results of the corruption and misgovernment in our land, and want things done right, would make it their business to attend every political caucus and convention to which they are eligible, and on election day would vote only for such candidates as ought to be elected, and would accept such positions as come to themselves unsought, the thing would be done; the frauds and schemers would be sent to the rear, and our grand country would resume her stately march to her high destiny. If I could but"—

"My dear friend, you take it too hard," interrupted Themistocles, "We will not quarrel over worldly affairs; the live people must work out their own salvation. It may be after all that you are right, that universal suffrage is not to blame; possibly the fault is more with your intelligent than with your humble. Let us hope they will awake to their danger and opportunity. It is certainly time they did. I will forget your personal illusions, and you will forgive my strictures on your countrymen. Come, we will repair to breakfast."

They repaired, and the first thing the Honorable Jerry undertook to swallow was some red-hot native asphaltum,

which burned its way from mouth to stomach, and when it landed started such a conflagration that he sprang in amazement and terror from the table and found himself in a Washington undertaker's office, with two embalmers just starting in to do their perfect work.

They threw up the job. The funeral was put off. The Congressional Committee gave up the trip, and from the day of his new birth Jerry Webb was a power for good government and honest politics, and put forth all his great intellectual strength and oratorical gifts, not to limit the suffrage, but to arouse the honest sluggards and marshal the hosts of good citizens against the intrenched army of self-seekers.

When the array was set and it was seen what a vast majority were on the side of clean politics and the honest and capable administration of affairs, the victory was won; public office ceased to be a private snap, and the millennium began.

MISTLETOE.

BY REV. ROBERT BLIGHT.

IF we inspect the wares of the fruiterer in store or market stall, a few days before Christmas, we may see bunches of two plants provided as adjuncts to the Yule-tide festivities, which present very different features from those of the holly and other evergreens used in the decorations of the season. Both have glistening white berries, but one has them in small spikes, while the other has them sessile in the axils of the leaves. One, also, is of a tawny yellowish-green color, and the other is more decidedly green, but with a yellowish tinge. Again, one is somewhat irregular and straggling in its appearance, and the other is almost mathematically exact in the division and subdivision of its twigs. The former is the American mistletoe, the latter is the European, which has been imported to satisfy a lingering liking for an old English custom. My own experience is that only a very small proportion of those who would think Christmas somewhat imperfect without one or other of these plants in the house know much about the history and the habits of the mistletoe family, although it is one of the most interesting groups of plants.

The Loranthaceæ, to all the members of which the name mistletoe is loosely applied, and to which the American mistletoe (*Phoradendron*, or *Loranthus*, *flavescens*) and the European true mistletoe (*Viscum album*) belong, are an order of woody parasites found mainly in the tropics, but having a few representatives in the temperate zones. Those who have examined the North American species know what small and insignificant-looking flowers it possesses, but many of those found in the tropics have large and brilliant flowers. In addition to the true mistletoe, Europe possesses *Loranthus europæus*, very generally distributed, and an *Arceuthobium*, which is met with in Italy parasitic on juniper trees. Professor Moseley tells us that a curious species (*Loranthus aphyllus*) is found in Chile parasitic on that

odd-looking cactus, the candelabra-like cereus. "This mistletoe is most remarkable, because, like the plant on which it is parasitic, it is entirely devoid of leaves. It is extremely abundant, growing on nearly all the cereus trees, and is very conspicuous, because its short stems are of a bright pink color. I could not understand what it was at first, as it looked like a pink inflorescence of some kind belonging to the cactus." In Tierra del Fuego there is a *misodendron*, or *myzodendron*, which grows on beech trees. In Australia species of *loranthus* are parasitic on the gum trees, the *bank-sias*, and the *casuarinas*.

This parasitic mode of life, which is especially characteristic of the mistletoes, is regarded as a form of degeneration. In the words of Ray Lankester, "degeneration may be defined as a gradual change of the structure in which the organism becomes adapted to less varied and less complex conditions of life." The state to be attained in vegetable parasitism is that of being able to use for the purpose of food those organic products which have already been prepared by other plants. As this will necessitate peculiar habitats and peculiar organs, it is evident that the chances of survival in the case of parasites will be narrowed up, as compared with those of plants which are independent of others. We see, then, that the adoption of such a mode of life, however successful it may be under favorable circumstances, is a decided retrogression from the free life of the plant which follows the usual course of vegetable growth. A plant which attains the state of complete parasitism is incapable of obtaining carbon from the carbon dioxide present in the atmosphere. As the chief agent in this assimilation is the mysterious substance called chlorophyll, which gives the green color to plants, a parasite has no need of it and becomes destitute of it. Hence we find some parasitic plants colorless or of colors other than green. But plants require other articles of food besides carbon, and some of these are absorbed through roots. If a parasite has arrived at that state when it can begin life and continue to exist solely on the food prepared by another plant, roots, in their ordinary form, can be dispensed with, provided there are

organs by which the nourishment can be introduced into the system. We find that perfect parasites are rootless, and that they absorb their food through a degraded root-organ called a haustorium.

From the ordinary plant, on the one hand, to the perfect parasite, on the other, there may be intermediate stages, two of which are exemplified by two plants which lie immediately before our notice. The common dodder germinates in the ground like the majority of plants, and in the early stages of its life possesses true roots. As soon as it reaches the host on which it is to live, it sends out haustoria, cuts off its connection with the roots, and henceforth is a complete parasite. Its orange-colored threads, destitute of leaves and chlorophyll but crowded with flowers, trailing over other plants, are well known. The American and the European mistletoes germinate on the bark of trees by means of haustoria, and with these penetrating to the food supply, the plant grows. They, however, develop leaves filled more or less with chlorophyll, so that they possess the power of augmenting the nourishment provided by the host by carbon which they obtain by decomposing the carbon dioxide in the air. The mistletoe found by Professor Moseley on *Cereus quisco*, being destitute of chlorophyll, and doubtless germinating as other species of *loranthus* do, is an excellent instance of a perfectly parasitic plant.

From the way in which we find instances of parasitic growth scattered through the natural orders of plants, we may readily suppose that this is one of the many directions in which the inherent tendency to variation among plants works. The *monotropas*, dodders, figworts, broomrapes, and mistletoes of our temperate zone are but a few of the whole number of orders which supply instances of this strange phenomenon. It may be remarked also that in some of the orders the habit has become characteristic of the whole of the members, while in others it is peculiar to individual species. When we remember that the process of adaptation to the habit, in one natural order alone, has been carried on in countries as distinct as Europe, South America, and Australia, it is evident that it has existed in many places. The fact that

there are so many gradations of approach to the theoretical type of a parasite affords strong presumption that it has extended over a long period of time; while the presence of parasitic plants adapted to their habitats on roots, on stems like those of clover and other lowly plants, and on trunks of forest trees, would lead one to think that it had gone on under many environments. The subject forms a strange and interesting chapter in the immense volume of evolution, which we have not yet half read through.

We need recorded observations as to the trees on which the American mistletoe is found. Gray merely states that it occurs "on various deciduous-leaved trees." A perfect list would be very interesting. The writer had the pleasure of presenting to the British Museum a collection made in England of the European true mistletoe growing on apple, thorn, poplar, lime, maple, willow, ash, acacia, and oak. From such an array of trees it might be thought that *Viscum album* is not fastidious, but that is far from being the case. There is one instance, I believe, of its being found on larch, but it is evident that it avoids resinous trees. Although it is exceedingly abundant on apple, it is very rarely found on pear, even when pear trees form a considerable proportion of an infested orchard. While plentiful on thorn, I have never been able to discover it on plum, either wild or cultivated. On oak it is so very rare that a careful investigation made thirty years ago by Dr. Bull, of Hereford, only succeeded in locating seven instances. Another ten years brought to light three more; so that in the whole of England there are only ten oak trees with what the Druids would have counted very sacred treasures. In Ireland, certainly, and, as far as I know, in Scotland, the plant is unknown. On the continent of Europe also this species rarely attacks the oak, although its near relative, *Loranthus europæus*, does much mischief to the timber of that tree. Desfontaines, the celebrated French botanist (1751-1833), says that the only specimen of *Viscum album* on oak that ever came under his notice in France was a branch which came from Bourgogne. These facts show what an interesting field of observation is open to us in connection with our American *loranthus*.

It is to be hoped that no botanical enthusiast or any other sentimentalist will introduce the true mistletoe into this country. It delights in the apple, and when once established, soon infests nearly every tree in an orchard. A glance at the trees in some of the apple orchards of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, in England, is enough to tell us that the parasite would not be a blessing here. When the mirthful twig has fulfilled its function in the hall at Christmas, the best place for it is the fire. A bird might eat the berries, and thus the seeds might find their way to a suitable place for taking root. This is the common mode of dissemination in the case of *Loranthus* and *viscum*. The berries are full of a very viscid pulp which insures the adhering of the seed to the branches on which they may fall. This viscosity of the seeds is a very general characteristic of the members of the mistletoe family.

A section of a seed of *viscum* is curious. There is no cavity containing an ovule; in fact, no distinction is apparent between ovary and ovule. A large proportion of the seeds contain two embryos, some as many as three, and a few only one. When a seed begins to germinate, it sends out haustoria from each embryo, not unlike a boy's leathern "sucker" in shape, and from the under side of this a growing point is sent down into the cortex of the branch on which the seed has fallen, which penetrates the wood, generally in the direction of the axis. Where the haustorium passes through the cambium-layer, a series of merismatic cells is formed, and this enables the parasite to keep pace with the growth of the host. This provision prevents it from being strangled, or from being buried, as a small foreign body inserted in the bark would be. It is from this portion of the haustorium that the plant derives the main portion of its sustenance, for the growing point buried in the wood ultimately becomes lignified. Sections, transverse and longitudinally vertical, of a branch through the point where the parasite is growing are full of interest. Having made a great number I can confidently say that Hartwig's drawings of *Loranthus europæus*, given in "The Oak," by H. Marshall Ward, in the Modern Science Series, might equally well be taken for *Viscum album*. Mr. Thistleton

Dyer examined specimens of the mistletoe found on the candlebra-like cactus, and ascertained "that, having a soft and succulent matter in which to ramify, the basal fibres of the parasite form a large spongy mass of great size within the stem of the cactus, which curiously simulates a mass of mycelium, such as is produced by a parasitic fungus."

Some of the devices of mistletoes to find resting-places for their seeds are almost incredibly curious. Mention has been already made of the viscidness which enables the seeds to adhere to the bark of trees; but we are told that *arceuthobium* can throw its viscid seeds to a distance of several feet. Sir John Lubbock gives the following account of a member of the family described by Dr. Watt:

The fruit, like that of the mistletoe and most other species of this order, consists of a mass of viscid pulp surrounding a single seed, and when detached from the parent plant it adheres to whatever it may fall on. There it germinates. The radicle when it has grown to about an inch in length develops on its extremity a flattened disc, and then curves about until the disc is applied to some neighboring object. If the spot to which the disc has fastened is suitable, the development of the plant proceeds there. If on the contrary the spot be not suitable, the radicle straightens itself, tears the viscid berry away from whatever it has adhered to, and raises it in the air. The radicle then again curves, and the berry is carried by it to another spot, where it again adheres. The disc then detaches itself, and by curving of the radicle is advanced to another spot, where it again fixes itself. Dr. Watt says he has seen this happen several times, and thus the young plant seems to select certain places in preference to others. They have been observed, for instance, to quit the leaves, on which they must often alight, and move on to the stem.

The leafless *misodendron* which grows on the beech trees of Tierra del Fuego has another plan.

Here the seed is not sticky, but is provided with four flattened flexible appendages. These catch the wind and thus carry the seed from one tree to another. As soon, however, as they touch any little bough the arms twist round it and there anchor the seed.

In the American and European mistletoes there does not appear to be any variation in the leaves when growing on different trees; but in the case of one Australian *loranthus* there seems to be a decided adaptive resemblance. *Loranthus celastroides* has two types of leaves—broad and narrow. Both forms are found on *casuarinas*, trees with narrow

foliage resembling the feathers of the cassowary. The broad varieties are met with on the banksias, and the narrow ones on the eucalypti, or gum trees. These last in their foliage are so like the trees on which they grow that they derive their specific names from them.

It would be interesting to point a moral on the evils of parasitism and degeneration, after the manner of Professor Drummond, and demonstrate the truth of the poet's words about the flowers: "How akin they are to human things;" but such is not our purpose. It is rather to show what a field of interest is opened out if we take some common plant and make a comparative study of it and its relations scattered in many lands. In this simple way we can obtain a wider grasp of the questions which are connected with the origin of species.

THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION VERSUS VIVISECTION.

BY ROSA G. ABBOTT.

*Pourquoi donc, O Maître Suprême,
As tu crée le mal si grand
Que la raison, la vertu même,
S' épouvantent en le voyant.*

IF it be true that the great race of mankind must be considered as one individual, who subsists and learns continuously, then must the race be pardoned for its ignorance and its cruelties. The long and painful evolution of the rudimentary soul from savage conditions to the awakening of conscience, compassion, and sympathy for the weak, implies so many cycles of "retrogressive progression," that it excites pity rather than anger.

Probably compassion is one of the tardiest virtues to appear in the awakening of the race-spirit, and force rules until right is ready.* During the rule of force, the infliction of pain upon the helpless is carried to incredible extremes. Suffering is cheap. History assures us that after the settlement of New England by the Christian forefathers, the pillory and the stocks were never vacant. The lash, the branding iron, and the gallows were continually employed. Insane persons were hung up by the thumbs and flogged into a state of total exhaustion. As recently as 1820, the jails of New England were the scene of heartrending tortures for the offence of a slight debt. In England treason was punished by disembowelment; and not until 1790 was the law abolished for the burning of women who had killed their husbands.

Church history shows methods of even greater cruelty. It does not appear that the most ferocious savages were capable of any greater *diablerie* of invention in torture than was the Holy Inquisition. And yet crime and vice were not lessened but rather increased by such means. The beatitudes do not

* "C'est la force et le droit qui reglent toutes choses dans le monde: la force en attendant le droit." — Joubert.

flourish in soils of such heroic strength. Piety grows from within outwardly, by soul-purification and aspiration, and not by the external scourge.

Now, are not the vivisectors making the same mistake,—beginning at the wrong end for a cure of the ever present and ever changing manifestations of disease? Maladies and bodily ills are as ancient as life itself. According to paleontology the oldest fossil remains show traces of sickness and suffering. Worlds themselves are born, run their allotted course, and die.

The universe and the human body are bound together by the same sympathetic relations. The human soul is superior to a sun or a planet when it evolves a consciousness of its own volition and power; but in its rudimentary stages, before it has learned to oppose its intelligent will to the negative, material forces surrounding it, how shall it be guarded from the inroads of disease? By torturing sentient animals for the instruction in cruelty of each new medical fledgling?

Certainly not! The cause of disease will never be found at the end of the scalpel, nor its cure in the tense agony of an exposed nerve. They who probe and treat the *effects* of disease, deal solely with the external man, not with the power which excites the malady. Such science is illusive and cannot be imposed upon the wise. Disease is the result of imperfection and of growth. In America at the present time the general unrest is greatly aggravated, as the race is passing out of the physical-intellectual stage of evolution into the intellectual-spiritual phase, and the rebirth is accompanied by the usual throes of new life. For malaria, bacteria, contagion, etc., should be substituted mental causation, such as grief, fear, doubt, jealousy, envy, and greed. Ambition, hope, love even, if pursued on a mistaken material plane, will bring retributive penalty.

From the scientific standpoint of the vivisector, however, it may be well said that before prohibiting medical experiments upon animals which appear to add to the knowledge of disease and its prevention, it would be the part of common sense to cease many of the tortures which are now perpetrated without even the shadow of necessity, and which are ignored

by the very persons who should be most appalled by them. The prolonged agony endured by geese in order that the gourmet may indulge himself in *paté de foie gras* is an instance in point; and all over the world the custom obtains of ripping the skin off of live eels, of throwing live terrapins, crays, lobsters, and crabs into boiling water. Millions of beautiful song-birds are brutally mutilated and left to die at their leisure, that "milady" may gratify her soulless vanity in hat decoration. Great officials go gunning, and consider it manly to slaughter thousands of ducks, deer, pheasants, partridges, etc., simply to prove their skill in long-distance shooting, and to indulge a barbaric love of killing things. Pepsin is obtained by a torture of the pig so hideous that it is almost incredible. Every year in America, thousands upon thousands of cattle and their calves are thrown, branded, and mutilated in the most heartrending manner (and there are few tortures more intense than a superficial burn). In the transit across the plains to the Chicago slaughter yards, the animals suffer so greatly from fright, feverish thirst, and confinement that their "shrinkage" in weight is enormous, and represents a prolonged misery which should cause people to reflect ere they incorporate such diseased flesh into their own bodies.

These instances constitute but a few of the sum total of wholly unnecessary acts of cruelty to the helpless creatures who should be able to look to man for protective kindness. "The cannibals of civilization are unconsciously more cruel than those of savagery, and require much more flesh," so that one might well ask, "If this be civilization, what then is savagery?" A little of the ingenuity displayed by man in the invention of new devices for the debauchery of his soul, would lift him above cruelties which are unfit for *fin-de-siècle* practice. In an old Pompeiian tomb shoes were found made of paper. It is now seen that they are cheaper, more waterproof, lighter, and in every way superior to the American leather shoe, which represents not only the skin of a slain animal, but the perpetual occupation of men in the curing of hides, an occupation so unwholesome and deadly that men engaged in it are said to survive it but a few years at most.

Vivisection must go, but other wicked and useless cruelties

must lead the way. The race is in various stages of development, and cannot be held equally accountable. While regarding the offending "mote," many persons are not conscious of the enormity of the "beam"; and a shortsighted attack upon sincere vivisectionists must be pardoned as being "*un vrai cri du cœur*," an agony of supplication for the suppression of the pain that comes within range of a limited vision.

Metaphysics should constitute the leading feature in courses of medical study. Much that appears to be disease is the mistake of ignorance, and is a monitor to thrust the race into higher conditions. When the idealistic spirit comes into a consciousness of its own possibilities and responsibilities it will refuse any advantage to be gained from the painful sacrifice of sentient creatures, knowing that it could not compensate for the destruction of the finer sensibilities of the experimenter. Every chivalrous instinct revolts at the idea of a possible benefit acquired through the suffering of a weaker nature. With strict cleanliness, sanitary and hygienic measures, a non-stimulating diet, and due exercise of mind, soul, and body, mankind will be reasonably well, cheerful, and happy while slowly evolving into the loftier life in which there shall be no more pain.

PLAZA OF THE POETS.

THE PAGEANT OF THE YEAR.

BY WINWOOD WAITT.

Earth, the Sun-worshipper,
Impelled by Time, the arbiter of change,
Swerveless along the march zodiacal
Holds her appointed course, and wheels once more
Into the Court of Praise. . . . The Pilgrim Year
Sinks to his final bourne, and reverently
Nature, the fond All-Mother, kneels in prayer,
While her reverberant choir (the wind and wood)
Intones a requiem o'er her dying child.
To the cold clasp of earthy Capricorn
She yields the clay; then turns to bear again
The urgent travail of the Sons of Time,
Forth marshalling her galaxy of Months
To crown the Pageant of a Passing Year.

I. JANUARY.

Hail to the messenger!
Hail to the herald of the new-born Year!
Hail, Janus, hail!

Astride the Goat he comes,
He, the twin-visaged: lo, he sallies forth
From the far confines of the frozen North,
And to the windy dawn
Unfurls his gonfalon!

His boreal trumpeter
Sounds a reveille through the minstrel wood;
And far adown the wintry solitude
Echoes a warning note
From the hoarse wave remote.

A world is his! *What cheer?*
Behind: the fallen Year—
Its crimes, its gilded mockeries, its wars' increase.
Before: untrodden lie
The Fields of Destiny.
God speed him on his way—through paths of peace!

THE WIDE-SWUNG GATES.*

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

The Genius of the West
 Upon her high-seen throne,
 Who greets the incoming guest
 And loves him as her own;
 The Genius of these States
 She hears these modern pleas
 For the closing of the gates
 Of the highways of her seas.
 "Fence not my realm," she says, "build me no continent pen,
 Still let my gates swing wide for all the sons of men."

The Genius of these States,
 She of the open hand,
 Stands by the open gates
 That look to every land:
 "Come hence" (she hears the groans,
 The distance-muffled din
 Of millions crushed by thrones),
 "Come hence and enter in.
 Shut not my gates," she says, "that front the inflowing tide,
 For all the sons of men still let my gates swing wide."

"What! leave thy bolts withdrawn?"
 Cry they of little faith,
 "For Europe's voided spawn,
 Spores of the Old World's death?
 These monsters wallowing wide
 In anarchy's black fen?"
 "Peace, peace, it is my pride
 To make these monsters men;
 With the Great Builder work: that knows not Greek or Jew,
 And from an old-world stuff fashion a world anew.

* A protest against the article on "Immigration, Hard Times, and the Veto," by John Chetwood, Jr., in THE ARENA for Dec. 1897.

"And in my new-built state
 The tribes of men shall fuse,
 And men no longer prate
 Of Gentiles and of Jews:
 Here seek no racial caste,
 No social cleavage seek,
 Here one, while time shall last,
 Barbarian and Greek:

And here shall spring at length, ere our day meets the night,
 That last growth of the world, the first Cosmopolite.

"A man not made of mud
 My coming man shall be,
 But of the mingled blood
 Of every tribe is he.
 The vigor of the Dane,
 The deftness of the Celt,
 The Latin suppleness of brain
 In him shall fuse and melt;

The muscularity of soul of the strong West be blent
 With the wise dreaminess that broods above the Orient.

"Here clashing creeds upraise
 Their warring standards long,
 Till the ferment of our days
 Shall make our new wine strong.
 Let thought meet thought in fight,
 Let systems clash and clinch,—
 The false must sink in night,
 The truth yields not an inch.

No thought left loose, ungyved, can long a menace be
 Within a tolerant land where every thought is free."

The Genius of the West
 Upon her high-seen throne
 Thus greets the incoming guest
 And clasps him as her own.
 The Genius of these States
 Puts by these modern pleas
 For the closing of the gates
 Of the highways of her seas.

"Fence not my realm," she says, "build me no continent pen,
 Still let my gates swing wide for all the sons of men."

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

(After Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue.")

BY EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

"They were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."—Matt.
ix. 36.

The little toy sheep has a bright-blue bow
Where a tiny brass bell was tied,
And ever, O! ever so long ago
Another one stood by its side,
And that was the one our little Bo-Peep,
With the dew in her dancing eyes,
Covered with kisses and cuddled to sleep
With sweet baby prattle and sighs.

"Now sleep right here by my side," she said,
"And don't you wake till I call,"
And she put one pink arm under its head,
And the other one round her doll.
But the Shepherd took hold of her dimpled hands,
With a call that was sweet and low,
And the old toy sheep on the mantel stands,
While the long years come and go.

He stands and wonders and waits alone,
With a far-away look in his eyes,
And dreams of his mate and the shepherdess gone,
And the pastures of Paradise;
No baby prattle or laugh alarms
His long, long, wearisome tryst
As we feign the clasp of her dimpled arms
And the kisses our lips have missed.

THE EDITOR'S EVENING.

THE SAINTS OF TRINITY.

TRINITY Church, the beautiful modern cathedral of Copley Square, designed by the noted architect, H. H. Richardson, is approaching completion. For nearly a quadrennium the low metope and entablature of the façade have been receiving the finishing strokes of the workmen and the artists. Now, at last, the scaffolding and tent-cloth have come away, and the stone saints are revealed. Most of them are done in high relief; all of them are of the strictly sanctimonious and conventional type.

Some of these sculptured personages are saints proper, and some are saintesses. They are all alike in being deduced from a far-off past and from conditions of life and hope which, being impossible, never actually existed. That is, the concepts of human character which are here developed in brown stone never existed outside of the half-morbid and wholly mystical dreams of the East.

The style of art in which the Trinity sculptors have performed their task is purely mythical and traditional. There is not one stroke of the actual spirit of man, not one hint of his true progress and purpose in it all. The tides of people, passing and repassing evermore before this façade of Trinity, must look up, if they look at all, at a retinue of stone images that are as dead in artistic concept as they are in the material of which they are composed.

Why it is that living men in our new-world atmosphere, in our new-age environment, in our era of new purpose and new hope, should persist in doing and redoing the past into the mythical and impossible, while all the abounding currents of life and the vast volume of purpose are sweeping by, and while all the future holds forth its vision and its dream, — is something which a philosopher may well consider and solve if he can.

What do the Trinity people and their artists expect to

accomplish by carving this retinue of Asiatic effigies, this train of water carriers and camels, in alto relievo, and setting them in mediæval manner on the entablature of their temple? Do they believe that these stone figures, wrought out through so much assiduous chipping and chiselling, can do anything to make or unmake the conditions of the life that now is?

The more pertinent question which arises in my mind is this: What influence are these saints and saintesses going to exert in the cause of reform? I do not ask how many pious eyes may be rolled up in ecstatic rapture on beholding the Trinity friezes, but I want to know to what extent these saints are going to come down and help to push the wagon.

My observation has been that stone people of the kind here delineated have signally failed as active promoters of better conditions in the world. Aye, more; the stone saints have nearly always joined themselves with the forces of reaction, retrogression, and decadence. They seem to have a remarkable sympathy with all the oppressive conditions of society. They are always for the organization, and never for the man. In France they are the upholders of the extinct Bourbon dynasty. In America they belong to the Gold-bug Oligarchy. In all countries they like monarchy better than democracy. In all lands they prefer arsenals to schoolhouses. They like navies better than fish-ponds. They admire palaces and temples more than hospitals and kindergartens.

The average stone saint may always be expected to stand in with the existing order, and, if he frown at all, to frown only on the disturbing aggressions of thought and the audacities of progress. The stone saint is involved in many paradoxes. He is in favor of temperance; but he looks with complaisance on the whiskey trust. He desires that the people have sugar in their coffee; but he is a friend of Haves-meyer. He wants mankind to ride; but he holds for himself a Pullman pass. He is a friend of honest manufacture; but he condones the rotten steel-plate of Carnegie. He wishes that people may have cheap passage across the bay; but for his own convenience he has a steam yacht which costs him forty thousand dollars a year.

If the Trinity artists had expurgated their list of saints somewhat the character of the procession would have been improved. Several of these personages, as it seems to us, got into the saintly category by flights of stairs that were exceedingly misplaced and tortuous. However, sainthood, when it is once achieved, carries far. A saint is rarely, if ever, deposed. Once a saint always a saint, is an apothegm that might well be added to the book of short sayings. One who looks, however, at historical characters without a film over his eyes and without moral strabismus may well wonder to see on one of the panels of Trinity the effigies of St. David and St. Solomon! Why not also the figures of St. Henry VIII and St. Abdul-Hamid?

The Asiatic draperies in which the Trinity saints are clad do not consist—any more than do the draperies of the worshippers inside the cathedral—with the squalid rags and pinched faces of the streets. The stone saints and their expositors seem not to minister to the poor actual bread, but only the “bread of life”—at long range. It is hard to fill a hungry stomach at long range. The Christmas turkey, if stuffed in the manner in which the stone saints give food to men, would be the most barren ideality of the season. For ourselves we believe in actual stuffing. For all our dishes, whether material or spiritual, we want dressing that shall fill and satisfy. We do not wish any of the gifts proffered to us to be stuffed with mere vacuity.

And as to the saints themselves, we also believe in saints and try to promote their reputation. But we want another kind. We want a few who have been real men and women, thinking our thoughts, suffering our sorrows, dreaming our dreams, and sinning our sins. There have been many such holy beings in this world. There was, for example, St. Ben Franklin. A hundred and fifty years ago he was performing the duties of a magical office in our colonies and among mankind. He was a teacher of robust truth. And meanwhile he snatched the lightning out of the clouds. No barn built by man is any longer smitten out of heaven if St. Benjamin have been heeded.

There, also, aforetime, was St. Tom Jefferson. He, too,

was a teacher of wholesome truth. He declared that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. He said openly that men are created equal; that they have certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. As I have said before, he ought to have added the free possession of land; but St. Thomas did not see thus far into the future. There was another St. Thomas also, whose *painful* theology debarred him somewhat from reputation; but he was a patriot and so much a man of courage that he escaped the guillotine only by a chalk mark on the wrong side of the door!

There was a whole army of barefoot saints one winter down at Valley Forge. There they froze and starved in the cause of freedom. Some of them came from across the sea and suffered with our native heroes in the battle of humanity. Then, in the language of Kipling,

There were times that no one talked of, there were years of
horrid doubt;

There was faith and hope and whacking and despair.

Long afterwards, when our later trial came by fire and blood, we found St. Lincoln, one of the noblest of all the saints. He sorrowed and wrestled through many a night of anguish and despair, and at the last crowned it all with the tragic death of a martyr. How that great head fell forward, and the patient lips were dumb, and the world wailed as they carried him away! Lincoln was our kind of a saint; and there were heroic saints across the line also. Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" was made up in large part of saints in tattered and gray rags, who are now sleeping in unknown graves.

Perhaps it is an idiosyncrasy of the personal equation that makes us anxious to see an American cathedral in which the Asiatic saints shall give way for a brief space to such other new-world worthies as St. Washington, St. Garrison, and St. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

Has it come at last? The alchemical prophets sought it long, but died without the sight. The search for artificial

gold was the secret hunt of the Middle Ages; but the curious men of the epoch of Darkness could not find it. And with the new birth of science, philosophers said it could never be — that the eternal edict of natural law is against the transmutation of the base thing into the golden. Always and ever the learned folk have thus put up their bar, only to have it broken down by some aggressive son of audacity walking along that way.

In plain unmetaphorical speech, it seems true that Dr. S. F. Emmens, in a little seventh-story room overlooking the old Bowling Green of Broadway, has discovered a method of transmuting silver into gold. He has not only done it, but he has sold his product to the Government mints, and they have accepted it. It is probably true that on this New Year's day of 1898, some son of man has a gold eagle in his pocket, the material of which was *made out of silver* by an ingenious chemist in New York.

Dr. Emmens has been visited, and his discovery has been investigated, by able inquirers who report that on the 13th of April, 1897, the chemist deposited at the assay office in New York City a lump of manufactured gold, weighing 7.06 ounces. This product was found on trial to be a genuine product containing in one thousand parts 658 parts of gold, 260 parts of silver, and 82 parts of other metallic substances.

The process of the manufacture is not yet known, but the fact of the product is undeniable. Unless Dr. Emmens is engaged in the unthinkable foolishness of putting gold into his own crucible in order to get it out again by a laborious and expensive method, then his discovery is a verity; and it would seem to follow that we are on the eve of a remarkable state of affairs. Mr. George Grantham Bain, of the American Press Association, has within the current month investigated as much of the fact and the process of Dr. Emmens's discovery as the chemist is willing to reveal.

Dr. Emmens in his small laboratory and by his hand-method of operation is now producing enough gold to bring him at the assay office a profit of \$150 a week. There seems to be no limit to the amount of the precious metal that may be thus produced. Dr. Emmens says in the way of a formal

proposal: "I will take 1,000,000 ounces of silver, worth \$500,000 [he means \$500,000 *in terms of gold*], and from it I will make 60,000 ounces of gold, worth \$13 an ounce. The cost of making the gold will be \$4,600,000. Add to that the cost of the silver, \$500,000, and subtract the whole from \$7,800,000, the value of the gold, and you have a profit of \$2,700,000.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Should Dr. Emmens's discovery yield such results as are anticipated, it cannot be long until life will be worth living — not indeed that we shall be so rich as to buy out Nature and establish colonies of billionaires in all the islands of the South Pacific, but that we shall be so infinitely amused! One week of life under the new régime may well repay for a century of griefs and longings. Dr. Holmes in one of his books describes the hurry and confusion of the bugs — bugs of few legs and of many legs — under a flat stone in the meadow when the stone is turned over and the bugs have to scamper to covert. Before "bugs" insert the word *gold*!

ORION.

On the Old Bay I saw arise last night
The constellation of Orion! Far
Beyond the Head of Winthrop the full star
On his immortal shoulder beckoned bright!
One sun of splendor gemmed his thigh of might,
And one sun blazed upon his club of war,
And three suns studded the eternal bar
And belt on his emblazoned waist of light!

Over the slumbering seas what shadows sweep
Orion heeds not! All the rounded earth
Under his circuit is a grain of musk!
Alas, what are we but the dust of sleep—
Wingless ephemera of hapless birth
Drifting adown the twilight into dusk?

BOOK REVIEWS.

[In this Department of THE ARENA no book will be reviewed which is not regarded as a real addition to literature.]

A FICTION OF THE SKIES.

IT is an unmixed pleasure to contribute a brief notice of Camille Flammarion's remarkable book "*Urania*." * The author, being an astronomer, has, like the men of Galilee, stood gazing into heaven, and out of his vision and dream has told a story of the skies.

It is one of the peculiar merits of the writers of the last half of the nineteenth century, that they have learned to use the imagination scientifically. Rather have they learned the value of the scientific imagination as a supplement to scientific demonstration. For long, the writer of fiction has written botany and geography and physics in one chapter, and aspiration and hope and despair in the next. He has seemed to wit not that the botany and the aspiration, the physics and the love, go best together. Even as great a novelist as Bulwer in such a work as *Zanoni* hardly succeeded in getting his natural and his supernatural into unity. M. Flammarion has acquired, or at least he possesses, the happy faculty of rising from the basis of fact into the open sky of speculation, and of carrying his scientific vision with him.

The story of "*Urania*" is, like Cæsar's "*Gaul*," divided into three parts, of which the first is entitled "*The Heavenly Muse*;" the second, "*George Spero*;" and the third, "*Heaven and Earth*." The three divisions are separate scientific fictions put together on the slender thread of a common theme. In "*The Heavenly Muse*," the young enthusiast — for it is M. Flammarion himself, under the thin guise of another — falls in love with *Urania*, and *Urania* leads him forth to the study of the skies. He is at first a student with Le Verrier in the Observatory of Paris. From the battlements, *Urania* entices him away, and they journey through the skies. While passing through the sidereal spaces, they discourse, albeit from the basis of the new astronomy, of the order of the worlds, the splendors of the universe.

The little fiction is as nothing to the scientific speculation which

* "*Urania*." By Camille Flammarion. Illustrated by De Bieler, Myrbach, and Gambard. Translated by Augusta Rice Stetson. One vol. 8vo, pp. 314. F. Tennyson Neely, London and New York. 1897.

the enthusiastic young astronomer copiously pours forth on the voyage. This part of the work is a magnificent dream of the skies, in which the human interest is slight and the splendors of the heavens are everything.

The second division of "Urania" is entitled "George Spero," that being the name of the youth who was the private secretary of Le Verrier in the Paris Observatory. The story of his life and fate occupies eighty-six pages of the book, and is sufficiently inspiring in the spiritual element which it brings, and sufficiently appalling in the termination. In this part the earthly love supplants somewhat the heavenly, and it may be that M. Flammarion would have us think of the sad tragedy which the former nearly always has as its sequel. For in this case, George Spero and the beautiful Icléa, the Norse maiden whom he found on the summits of the Scandinavian Alps, a lover of nature like himself, tempt the perils of a balloon ascension only to be caught in a storm and to follow the one the other in holy self-sacrifice and the ecstasy of despair down to the cruel mutilation of death on the shore of the Northern Lake. This is M. Flammarion's description of the tragedy :

Strong wind-currents blew up and down and whistled in their ears.

The balloon twisted about itself, as if whirled by a waterspout. George Spero felt a sudden and passionate embrace, followed by a long kiss upon his lips. "My master, my god, my all! I love you," she cried; and thrusting aside two of the ropes, she leaped into the empty air. The unballasted balloon shot up again like an arrow. Spero was saved.

Icléa's body made a dull, strange, and frightful sound in the midnight stillness as it fell into the deep waters of the lake. Wild with grief and despair, Spero felt his hair bristling with horror. He opened his eyes wide, but saw nothing. Carried up by the balloon to a height of more than a thousand metres, he clung to the valve-rope, hoping to fall again towards the scene of Icléa's catastrophe; but the rope would not work. He fumbled and hunted, but without avail. In the midst of all he felt under his hand his loved one's veil, where it had caught on one of the ropes,—a thin little veil, still fresh with perfume, and filled with the memories of his lovely companion. He stared at the ropes, thinking he could find the imprint of her little clinging hands, and putting his own where Icléa's had been an instant before, he threw himself out of the car. His foot caught in a rope for a second, but he had strength enough to disengage it, and fell whirling into space.

The third part of the story, entitled "Heaven and Earth," is composed of a series of chapters embracing the author's more mature and thoughtful views on telepathy, the inter-sidereal voy-

age, the planet Mars, the fixed point in the universe, and the journey to truth by way of science.

In the first of these chapters, M. Flammarion records a series of astonishing but strictly authentic previsions, which it would be well for all mankind to read and ponder. In the second chapter he journeys again through the planetary spaces and discourses not so much of the worlds themselves as of the citizens of the heavenly spheres and their manner of celestial life.

The third chapter is devoted to the planet Mars. In it the author applies the best recent erudition, both astronomical and speculative, to the probable vital phenomena of our neighboring world. The fourth chapter is to us a rather original discussion about a fixed point in the universe; that is, a point which is at absolute rest, around and about which all the remaining universe is in process and revolution.

That there may be and probably is such a point, we neither assert nor deny. I will, however, offer the suggestion that if there be a central point in the universe, though it be in a state of rest as it respects all the residue of suns and systems, its fixedness or process could not be known; for all motion is relative, and though the hypothetical fixed point should be dropping through the depths of space at the rate of ten billions of metres a second, the motion could not be measured or detected, any more than the insects around the lamp in a Pullman car at night can detect or measure the flight of the train.

In the last chapter of his work, M. Flammarion makes his general deductions relative to the order of affairs in the universe, and particularly of the correlative phenomena of mind and matter. These he embodies in twenty-five short propositions, of which the last and supreme deduction is as follows:

The soul's destiny is to free itself more and more from the material world, and to belong to the lofty Uranian life, whence it can look down upon matter and suffer no more. It then enters upon the spiritual life, eternally pure. The supreme aim of all beings is the perpetual approach to absolute perfection and divine happiness.

I will only add the expression of a deliberate estimate which I have formed most favorable to the genius of M. Flammarion, whom I believe to be a great thinker destined to enlarge by a considerable space the present boundaries of the intellectual and moral world.

THE ARENA FOR FEBRUARY.

The Arena for February will carry to our readers an unusual fund of interest. The times are ripe; the nation is in an era of transforming agitation. The apathy which the money power seeks in vain to spread over the face of society is broken in a thousand places with jets of flame portending a conflagration in which the existing order shall be tried as by fire.

HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN ON "PARTY LEADERS AND FINANCES."

In The Arena for February the veteran publicist, Hon. George W. Julian, first candidate of the Free Soil Party for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, will present his views on party leadership as the bane of financial welfare. To this paper the Editor of The Arena will reply. The debate will recall to our readers the like discussion in The Arena for July between Henry Clews and the Editor.

JUDGE WALTER CLARK ON THE REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In our number for February Judge Clark will offer to the readers of The Arena another of his powerful papers on one of the living questions of the epoch. In this contribution he will present a cogent argument for the revision of the Constitution in important particulars—especially with respect to the veto power of the President.

JAMES R. CHALLEN ON "THE FAILURE OF THE BIMETALLIC CONFERENCE."

No question of the day is of more concern than the failure of the proposed International Conference to secure the re-establishment of bimetalism among the nations. The reasons of the failure are succinctly set forth by our new contributor, Mr. Challen, of Florida.

DR. WILLIAM BAYARD HALE ON "THE EPIC OPPORTUNITY."

It is a pleasure to introduce to the readers of The Arena the brilliant writer and reformer, William Bayard Hale, LL. D., of Middleboro, Mass. In the number for February, Dr. Hale will present one of his eloquent contributions entitled "The Epic Opportunity,"—meaning the opportunity now presented

for a general betterment of the conditions of the civilized life.

GEORGE A. GROOT ON THE MONETARY COMMISSION.

In The Arena for February, under the caption "Open Letter to the Monetary Commission," our new contributor, Mr. George A. Groot, of Cleveland, will present a caustic article on the motives and plans of the Monetary Commission now besieging the government of the United States.

H. M. WILLIAMS ON "THE MISSION OF MACHINERY."

The number for February will contain an interesting and highly suggestive contribution on "The Mission of Machinery" by Mr. Henry Matthews Williams, of St. Louis. The facts and deductions presented by Mr. Williams will create not a little discussion on one of the most important topics of our industrial life.

"THE CORPORATION AGAINST THE PEOPLE."

In The Arena for February Mr. Flower's able article will be on the subject of the aggressions of Corporate greed on the rights and interests of the People.

J. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN ON "GUTTER JOURNALISM."

Under the caption "An Important Phase of Gutter Journalism," J. Montgomery McGovern, of Brooklyn, will offer in the number for February a startling exposition of the method of manufacturing foreign news in the home offices of enterprising American newspapers and of newspaper "faking" in general.

MRS. BERGEN ON "THE THEOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF ONE CHILD."

A strongly original and most suggestive article by Fanny D. Bergen, on "The Theological Development of One Child," will be presented in the number for February. Mrs. Bergen has made notes for a number of years on the evolution of theological ideas in a child under purely natural conditions; out of her note-book her contribution has been derived.

The remainder of the number for February will be made up of a brief bit of standard fiction, the Plaza of the Poets, The Editor's Evening, Book Review, etc.